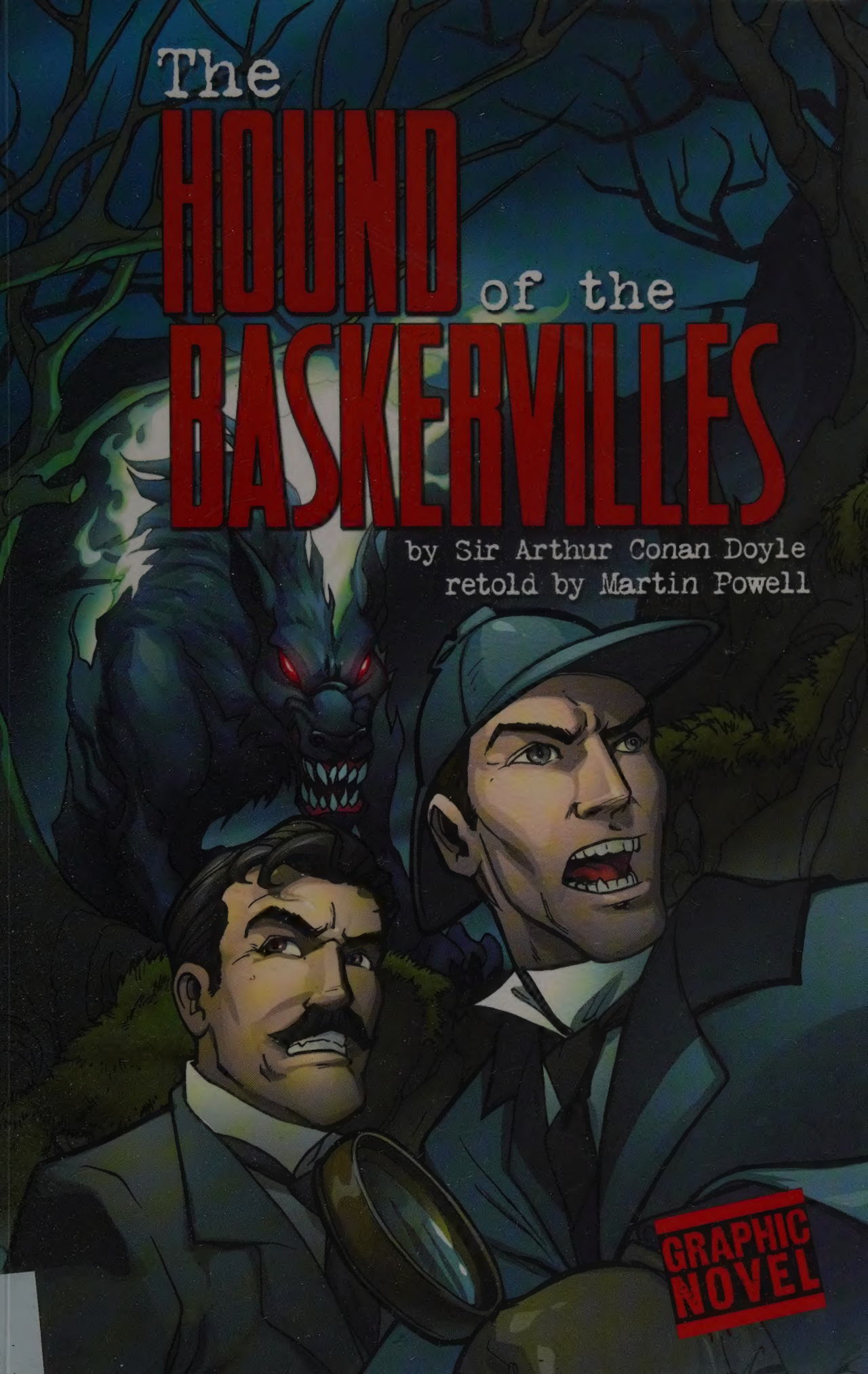




The HOUND of the BASKERVILLES

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
retold by Martin Powell

**GRAPHIC
NOVEL**

GOUROCK

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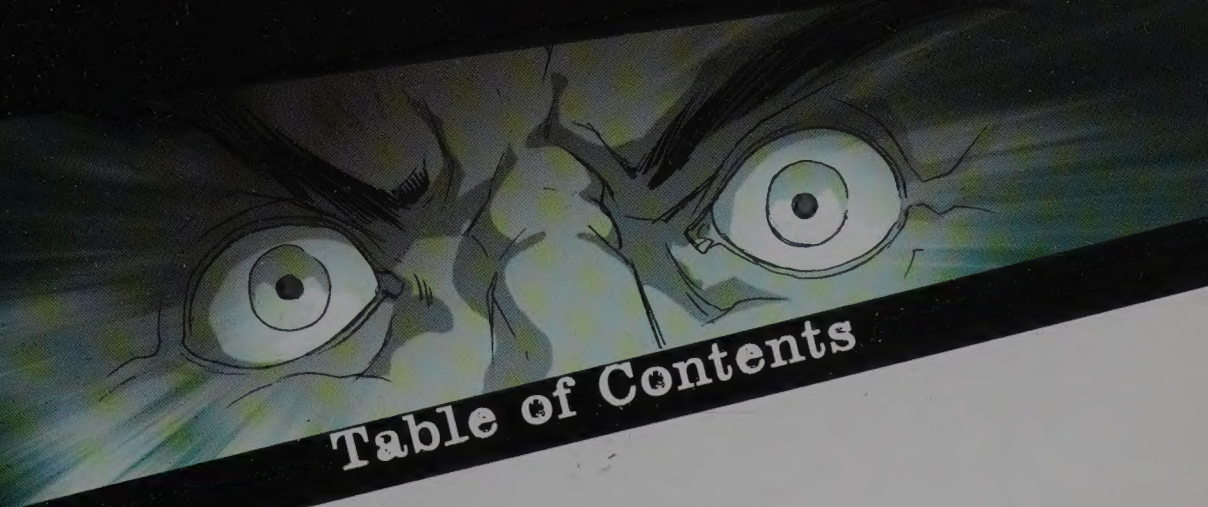
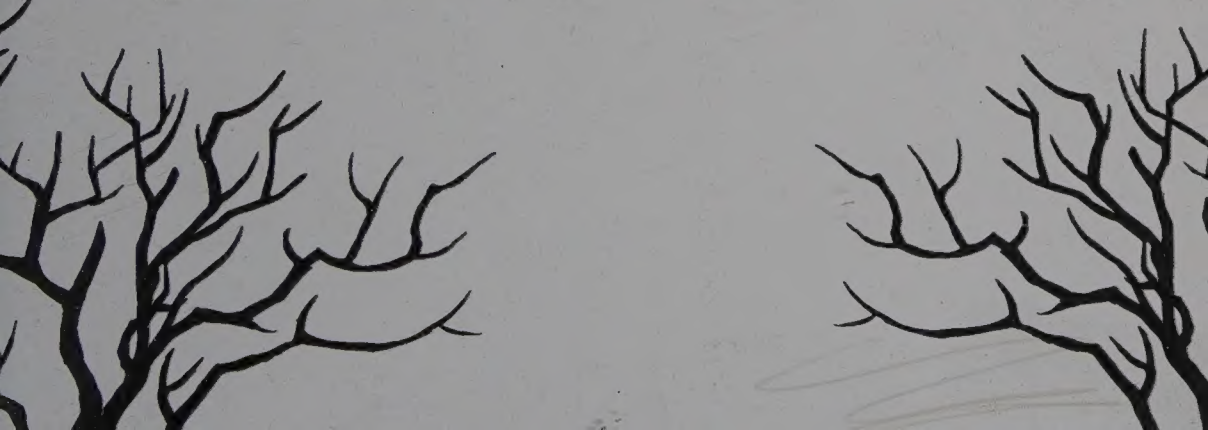


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Introducing . . .



Sherlock Holmes

Sir Henry Baskerville



Beryl Stapleton

Dr John Watson

Jack Stapleton

Midnight at Baskerville Hall in Dartmoor, England, Sir Charles Baskerville waits for a visitor.



You're late!

I was getting worried.





Wait, you're not—!

No, it can't be!

THE HOUND!

The next day . . .

THE GREAT DETECTIVE





There's a name on it. "To James Mortimer, M.D. From His Friends at the C.C.H."

I'd say the owner is an elderly doctor and was awarded this cane from a hunting club.

He probably lives in the country and visits his patients on foot. This stick is too worn for city use.



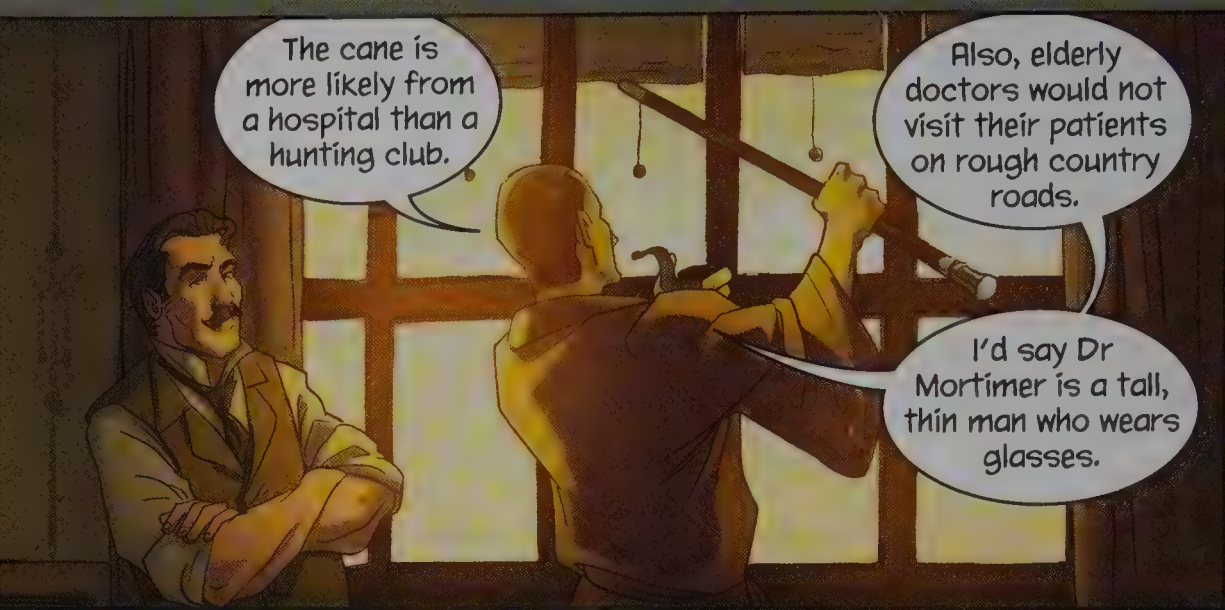
Excellent, Watson!

You've learned much by copying my own methods of observation.

Then I'm right?



You are almost right, my friend.



The cane is more likely from a hospital than a hunting club.

Also, elderly doctors would not visit their patients on rough country roads.

I'd say Dr Mortimer is a tall, thin man who wears glasses.



How could you know all that?

Elementary, my dear Watson.



Unless I'm mistaken, he's about to ring the doorbell.



Come in, Dr Mortimer.

How do you know my name?



You left this last night. A gift, I see?

Yes, from Charing Cross Hospital.

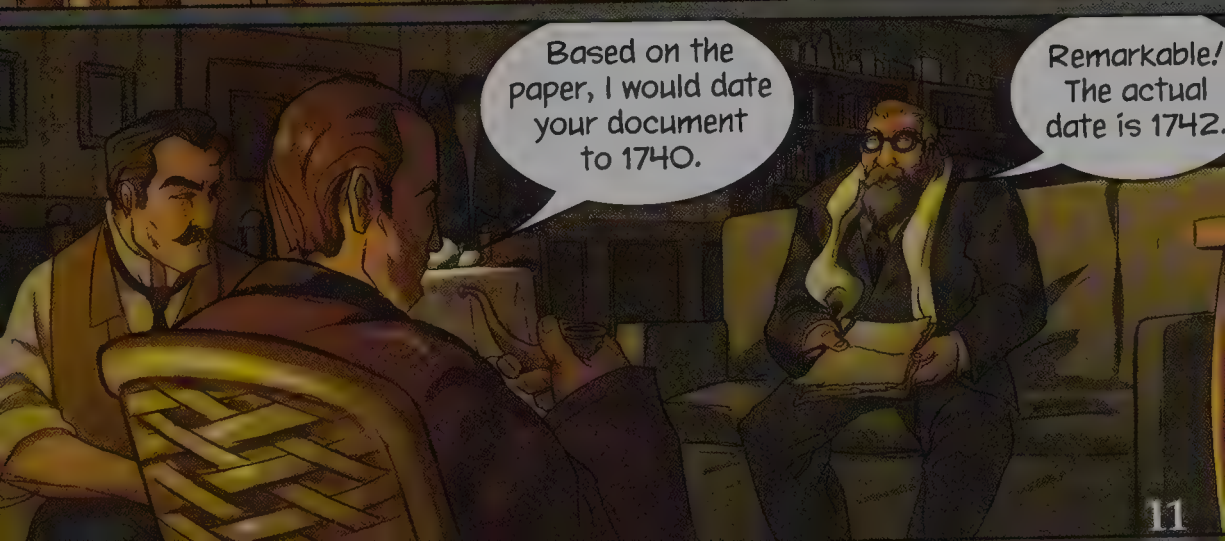


I assume you've come back for it?

Actually, I have other concerns, detective.



Perhaps I'll start by reading from an old manuscript that I brought.

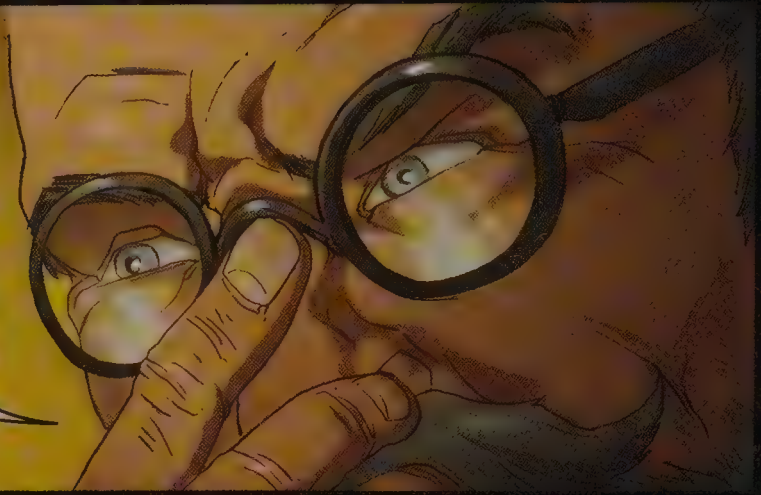


Based on the paper, I would date your document to 1740.

Remarkable! The actual date is 1742.

Sir Charles Baskerville of Dartmoor gave the paper to me before his recent death.

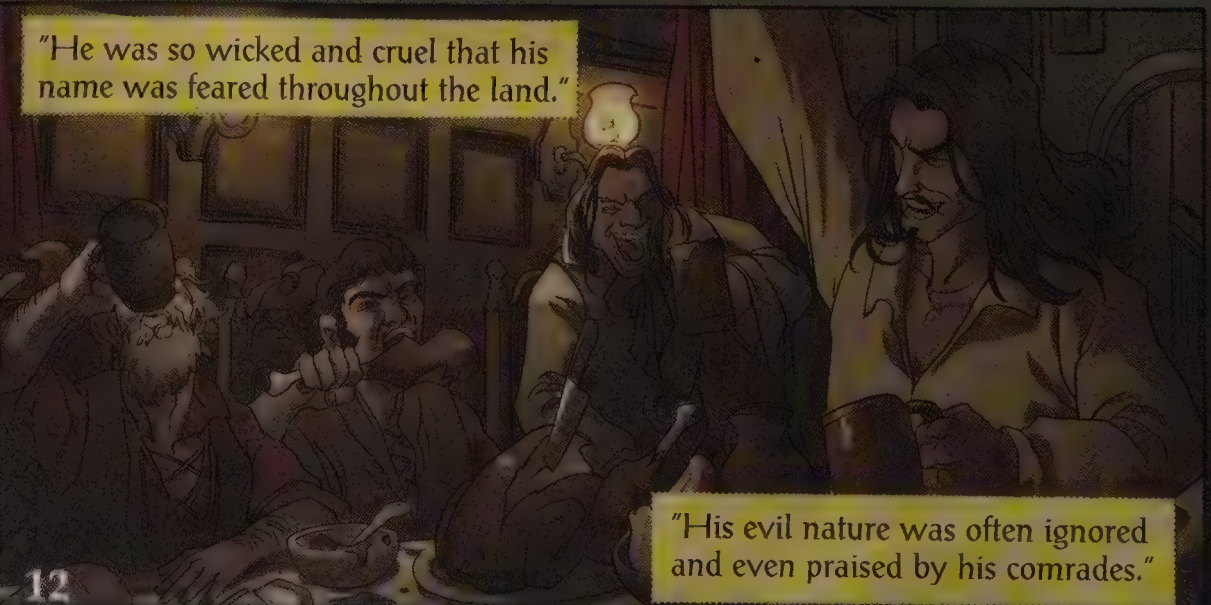
It reads, "Herein lies the truth behind the Hound of the Baskervilles . . ."



"... A long time ago, the Manor of Baskerville was owned by a man called Hugo."

LEGEND OF THE HOUND

"He was so wicked and cruel that his name was feared throughout the land."



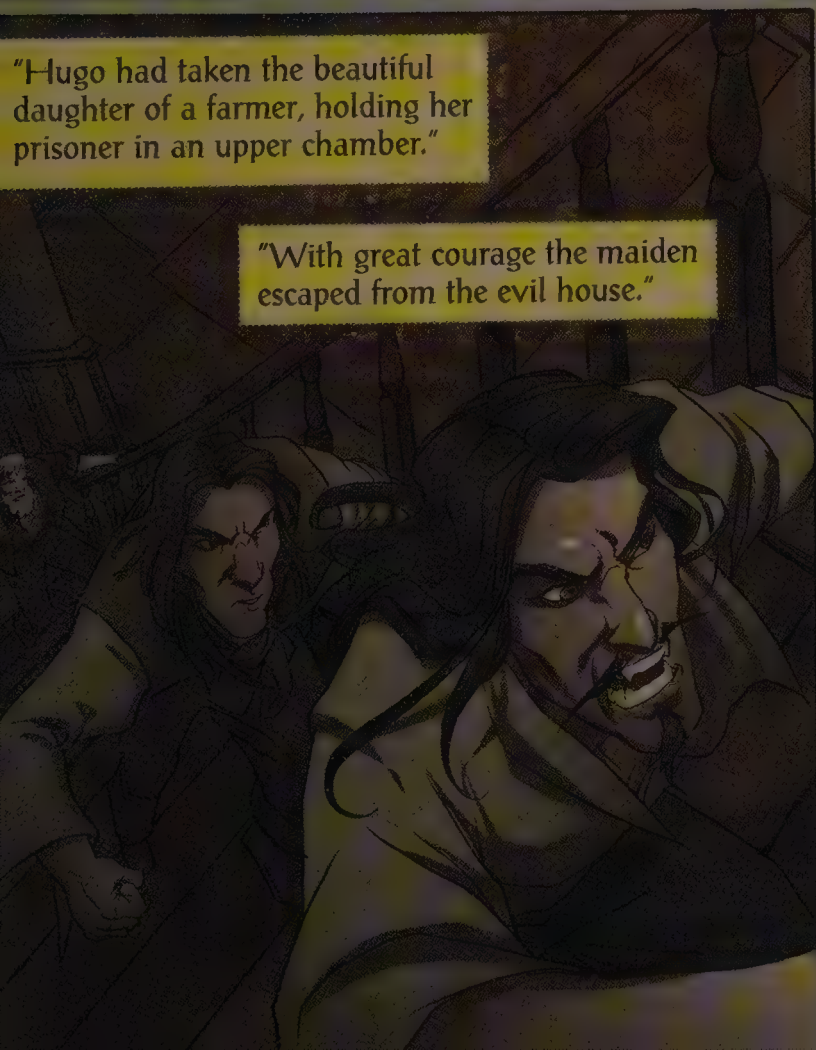
"His evil nature was often ignored and even praised by his comrades."

"Then came a night when Hugo
fell into an angry darkness."

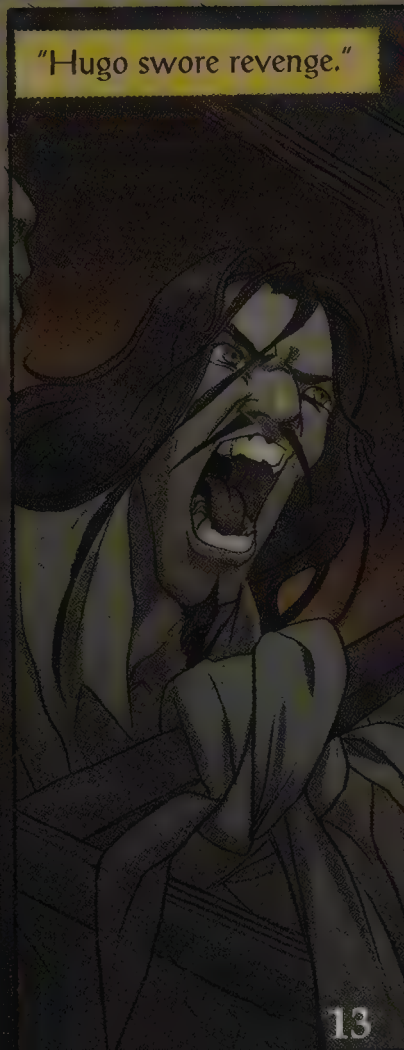


"Hugo had taken the beautiful
daughter of a farmer, holding her
prisoner in an upper chamber."

"With great courage the maiden
escaped from the evil house."



"Hugo swore revenge."



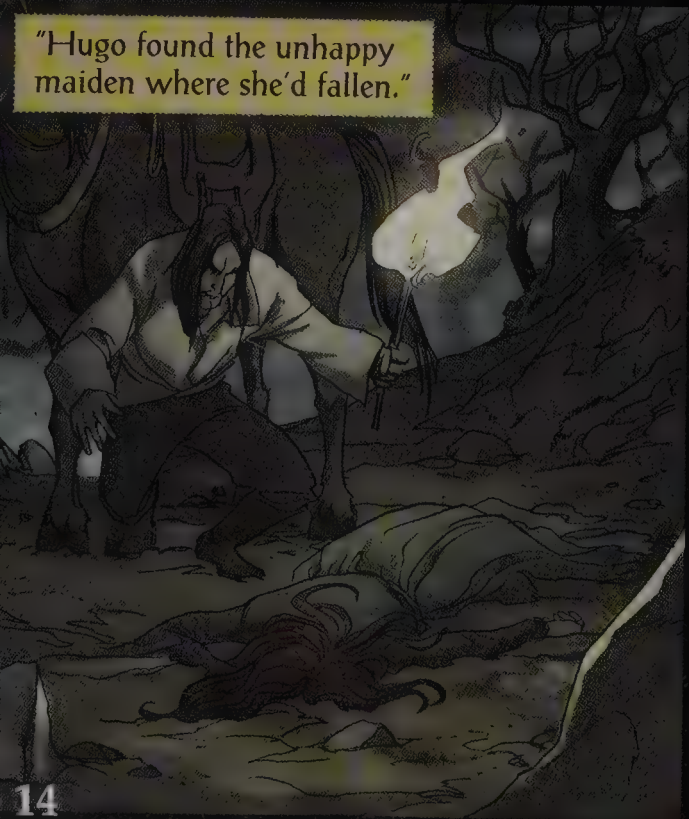
"Despite her bravery . . ."



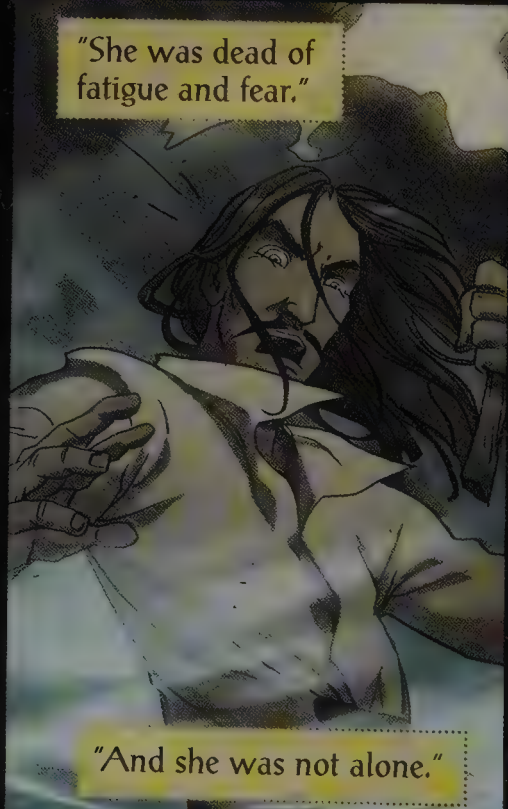
"... the poor girl was doomed."



"Hugo found the unhappy maiden where she'd fallen."



"She was dead of fatigue and fear."

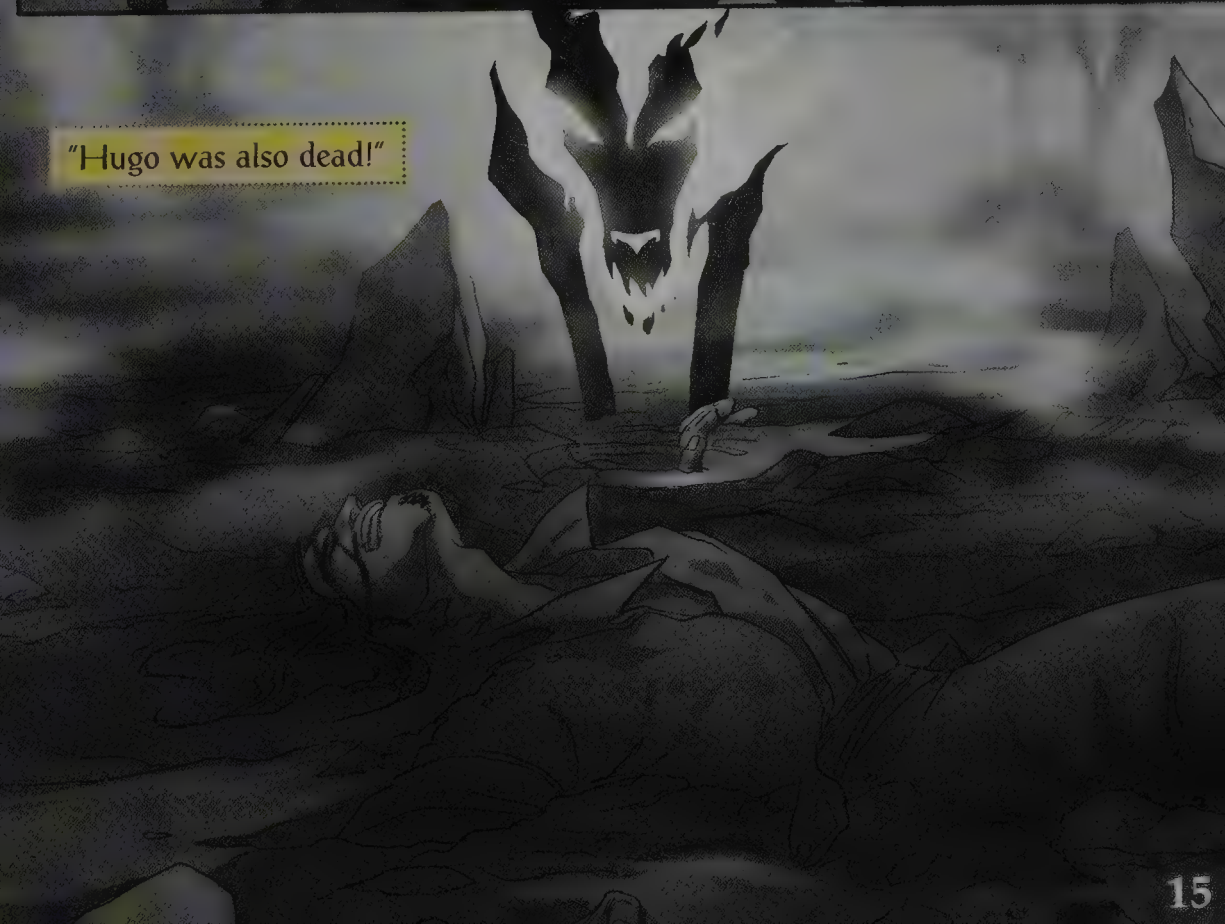


"And she was not alone."

"When Hugo's comrades arrived,
they saw something horrible."



"Hugo was also dead!"





"The men
swore they saw a
great black beast,
shaped like a giant
hound."

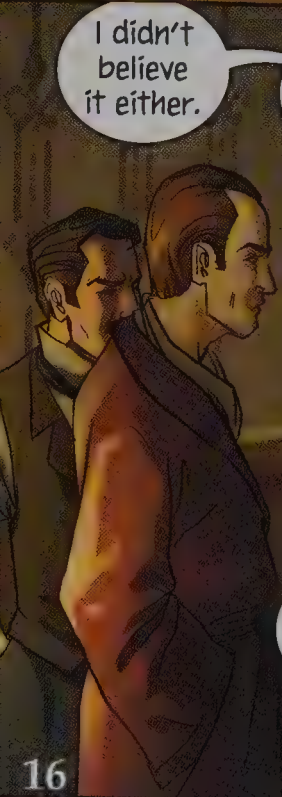
"Such is the tale
of the coming of the
monster, that haunts
the Baskerville
family."



Well, Mr
Holmes, do
you find it
interesting?



Only to a
collector of
fairy tales.

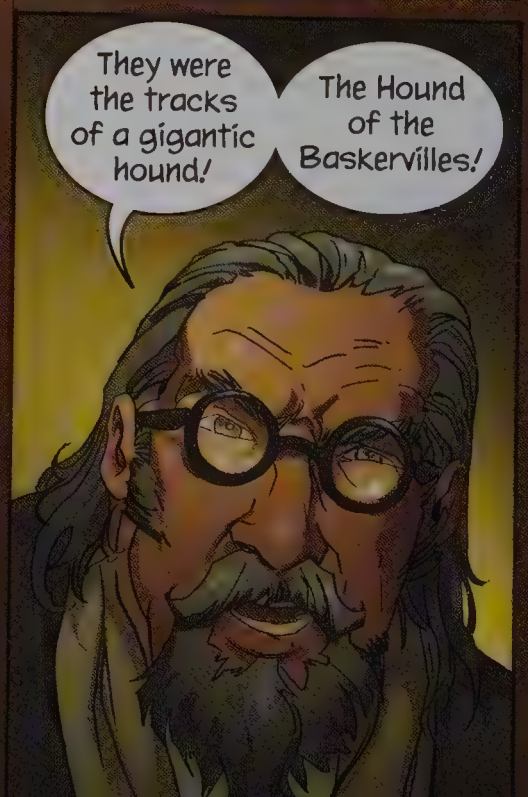


I didn't
believe
it either.



Then I found
footprints where Sir
Charles fell the night
of his death.

Footprints?
Made by a man
or a woman?

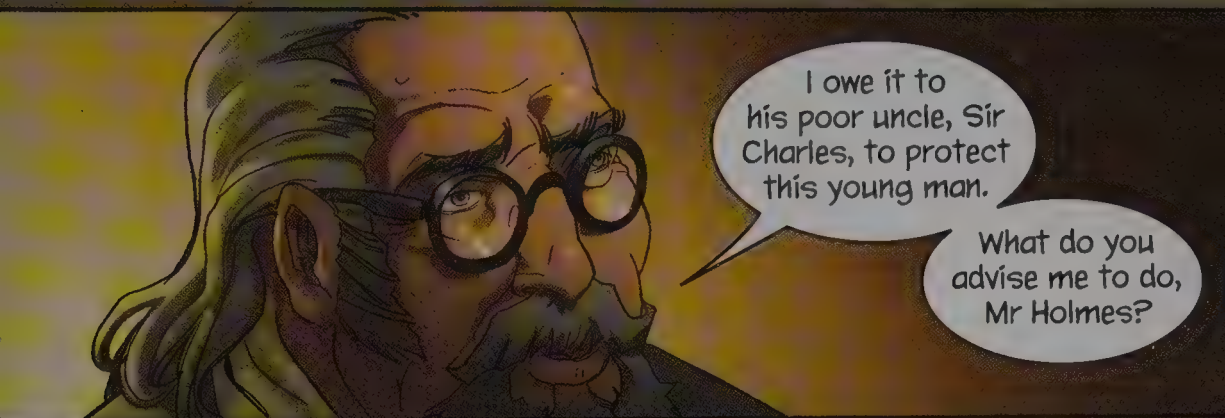


They were
the tracks
of a gigantic
hound!

The Hound
of the
Baskervilles!

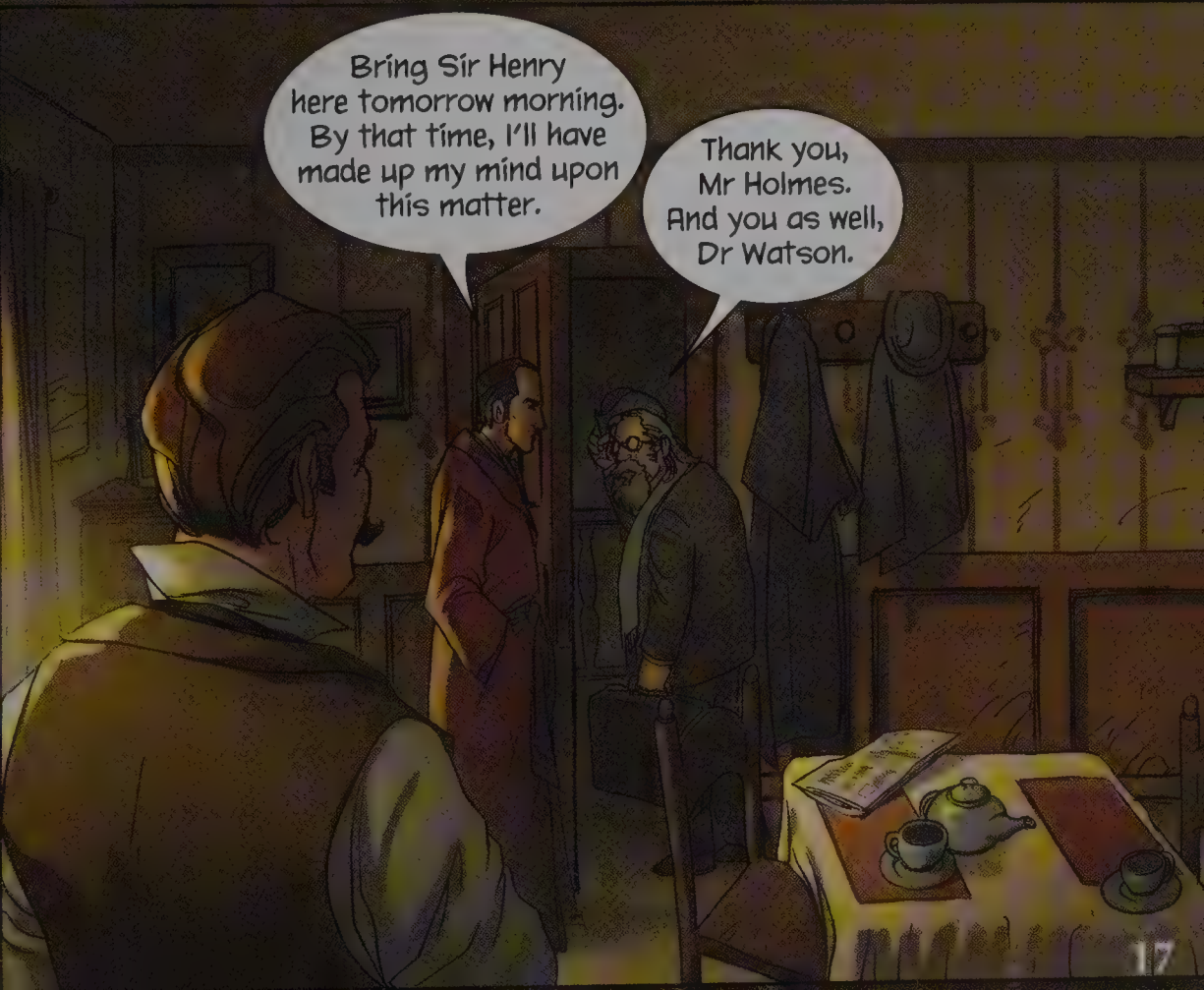


The new
Baskerville
heir, Sir Henry,
is arriving from
Canada today.



I owe it to
his poor uncle, Sir
Charles, to protect
this young man.

What do you
advise me to do,
Mr Holmes?



Bring Sir Henry
here tomorrow morning.
By that time, I'll have
made up my mind upon
this matter.

Thank you,
Mr Holmes.
And you as well,
Dr Watson.

The next morning . . .



Have you reached any conclusions, Holmes?

People in Dartmoor say they've seen the monster.

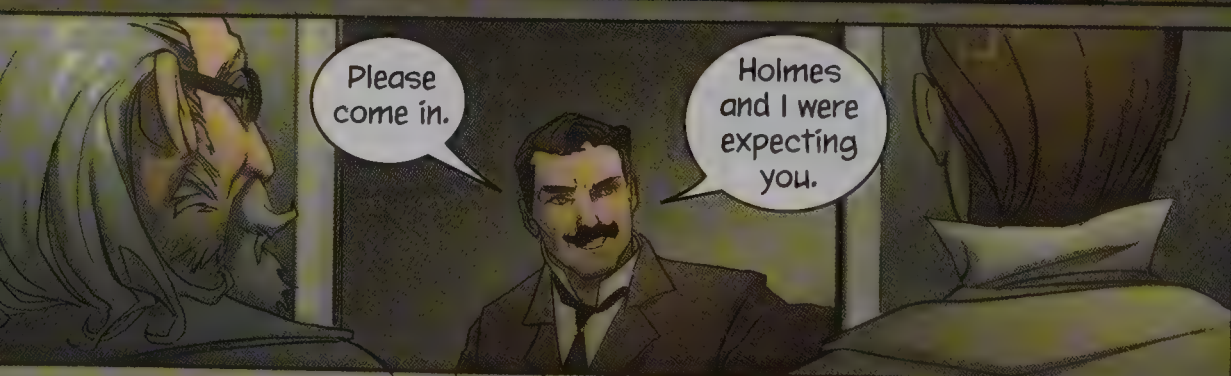
But my conclusions, will have to wait



I believe Sir Henry is at the door.

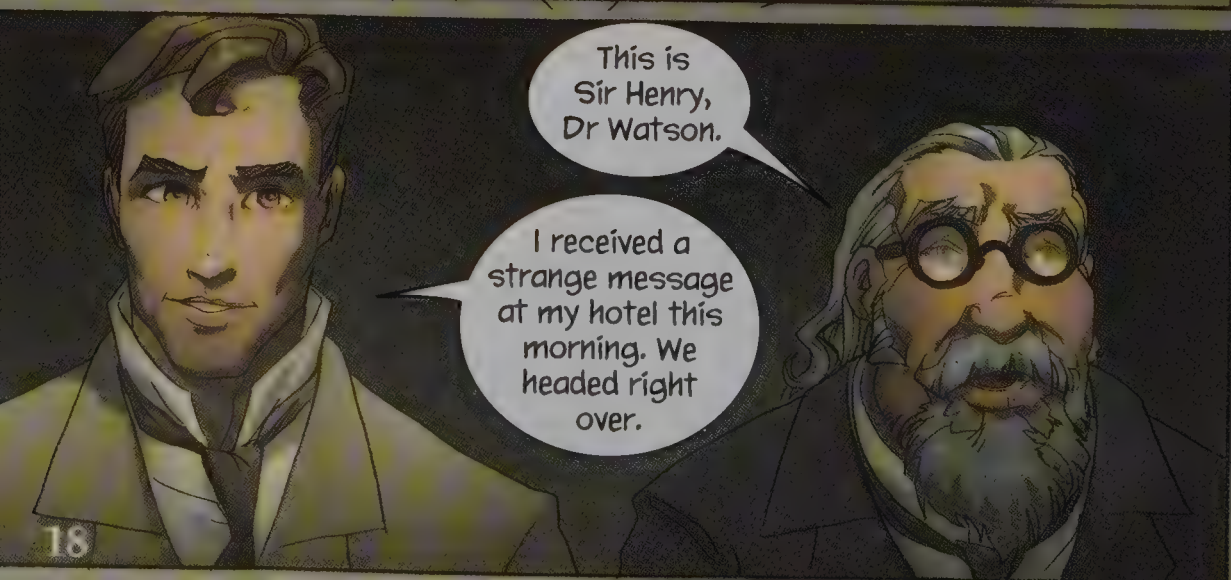
I didn't hear him knock.

Instinct, Watson.



Please come in.

Holmes and I were expecting you.



This is Sir Henry, Dr Watson.

I received a strange message at my hotel this morning. We headed right over.

A DANGEROUS GAME

I believe this warning is quite serious, Sir Henry.



Then, I will accept this case.

But for now, you and Dr Mortimer must return to your hotel.

Moments later . . .

Get
your coat,
Watson.

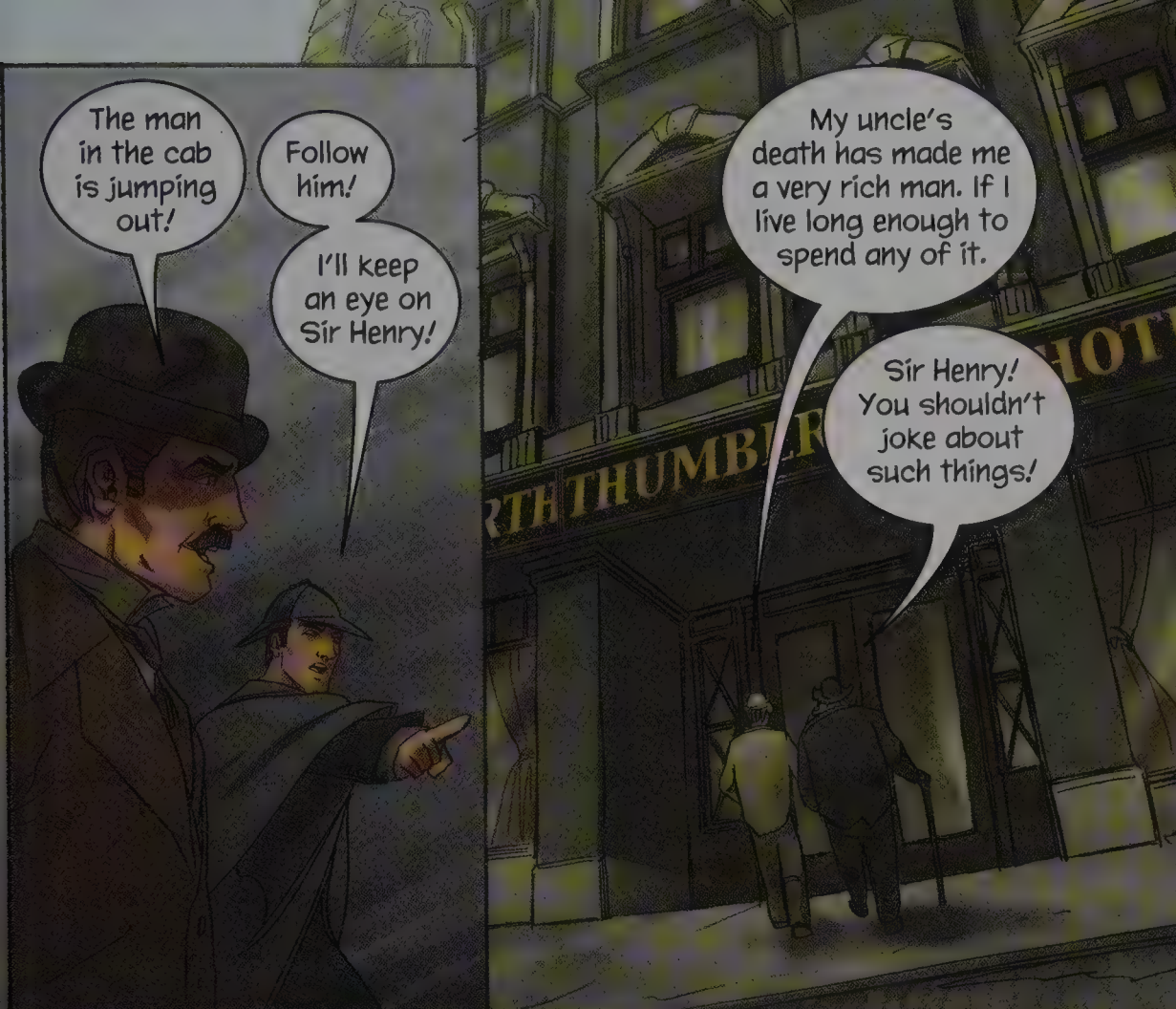
That warning
was quite fresh.
The glue hadn't
yet dried!

We must
not lose sight
of them.

Sir Henry's
life may depend
upon it!

Just as I
thought, Sir
Henry is being
followed.

The bearded
man in that
cab is our
suspect!



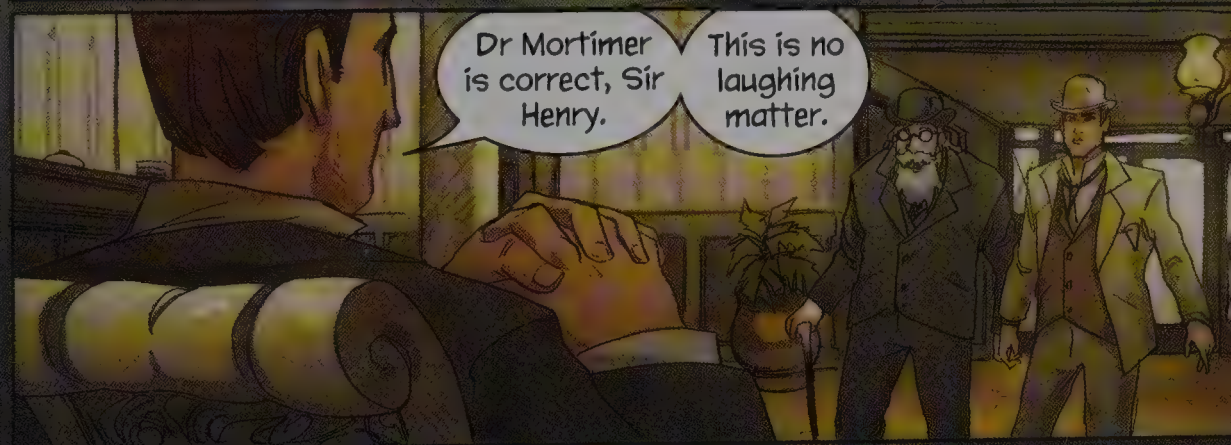
The man
in the cab
is jumping
out!

Follow
him!

I'll keep
an eye on
Sir Henry!

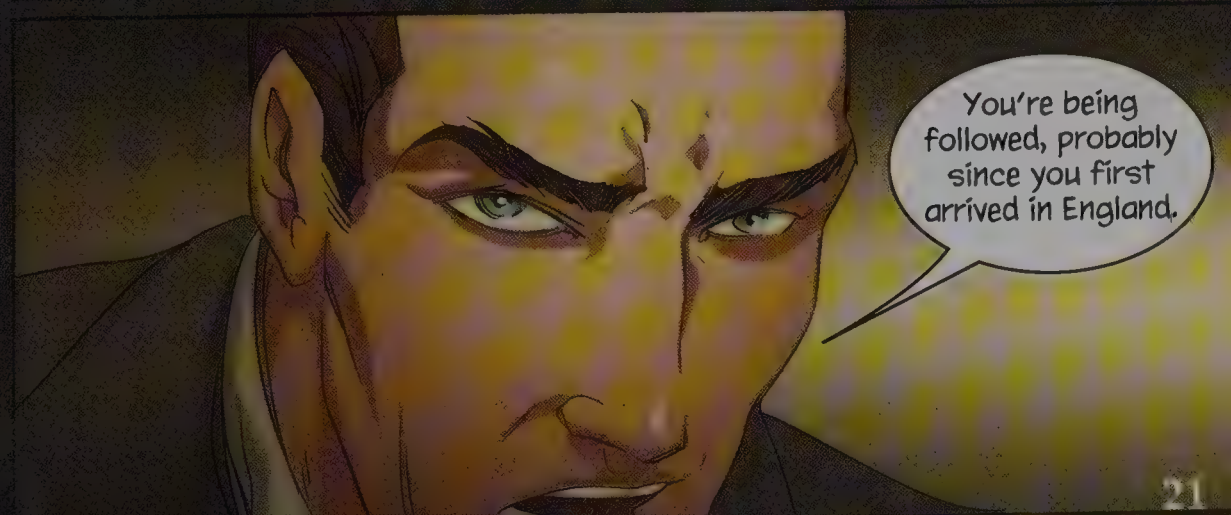
My uncle's
death has made me
a very rich man. If I
live long enough to
spend any of it.

Sir Henry!
You shouldn't
joke about
such things!



Dr Mortimer
is correct, Sir
Henry.

This is no
laughing
matter.



You're being
followed, probably
since you first
arrived in England.

Moments later, Watson arrived . . .

Here's the cab's driver, Holmes. I'm afraid the passenger got away.

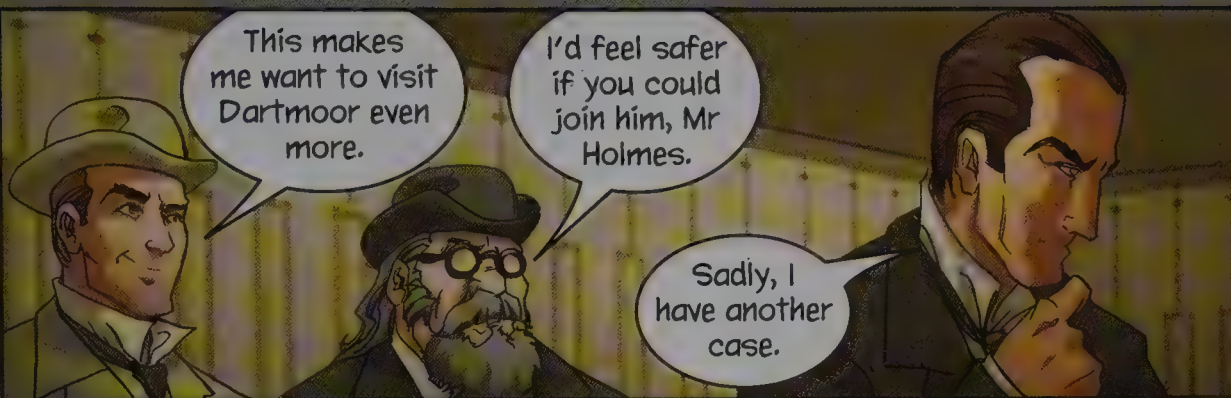
Do you know who he was, sir?

A detective. He hired my cab to spy on a house on Baker Street.

A detective, you say? Did he give you a name?

Holmes. He said his name was Sherlock Holmes.

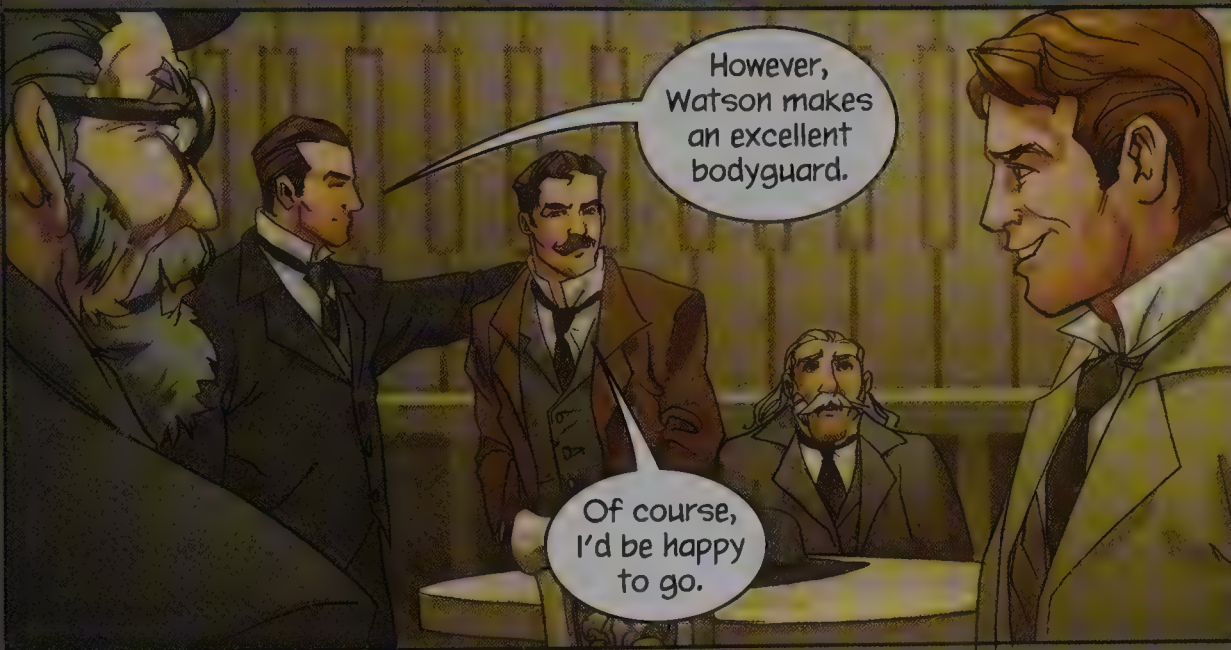
Seems our enemy has a sense of humour.



This makes me want to visit Dartmoor even more.

I'd feel safer if you could join him, Mr Holmes.

Sadly, I have another case.



However, Watson makes an excellent bodyguard.

Of course, I'd be happy to go.

As they prepared to leave the hotel . . .



Strange! One of my boots is missing!

Why would anyone steal just one boot?!

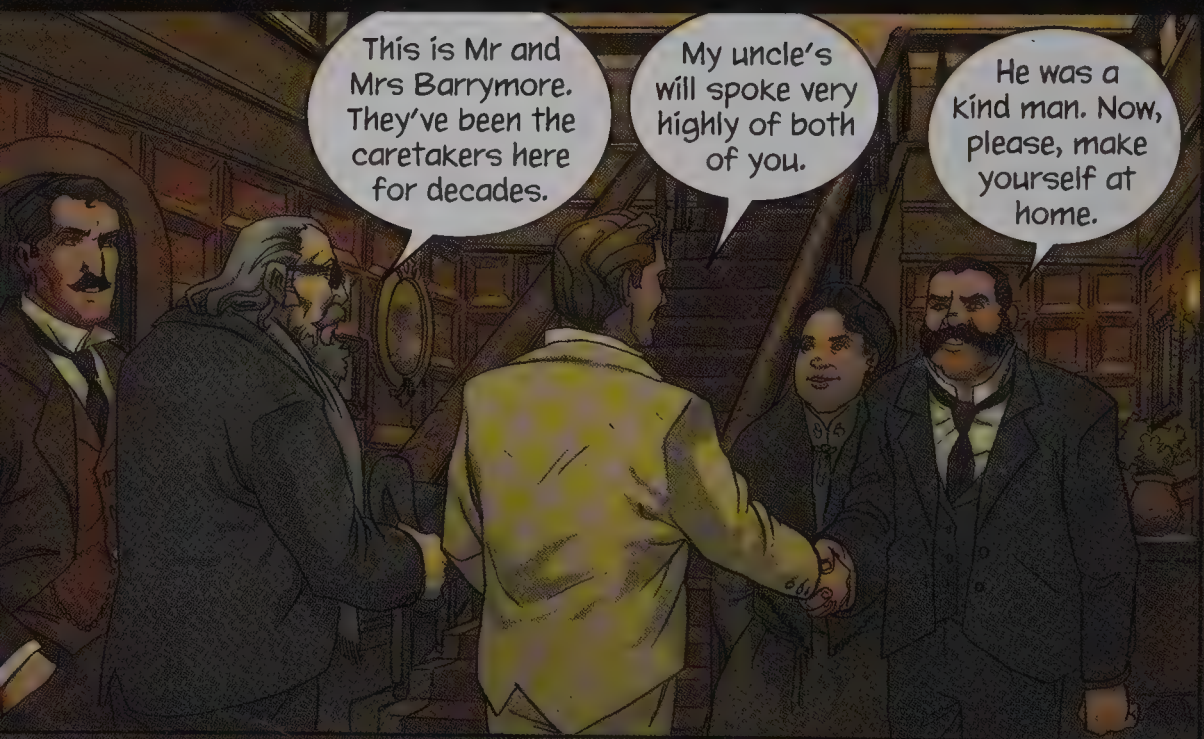


Beware, Sir Henry.

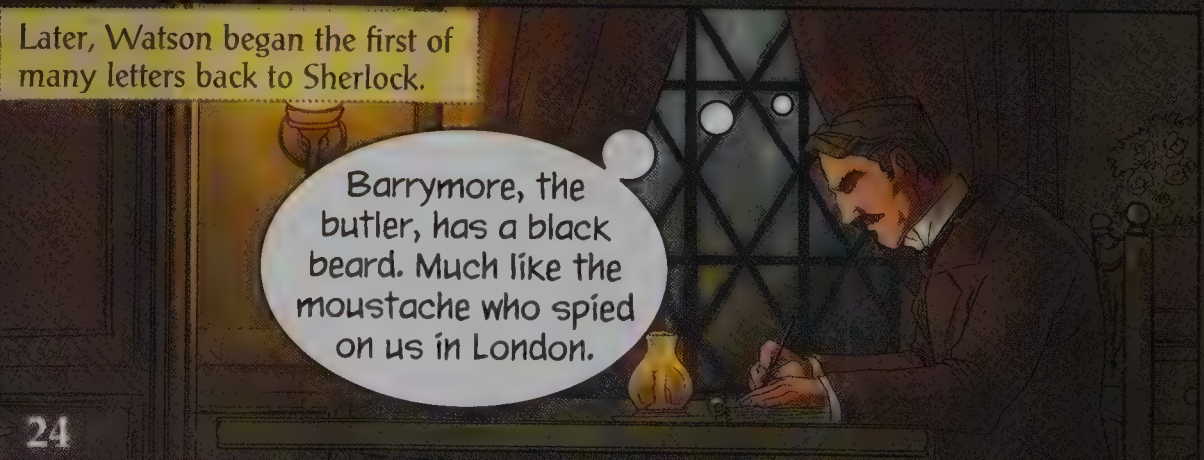
This is becoming a dangerous game.

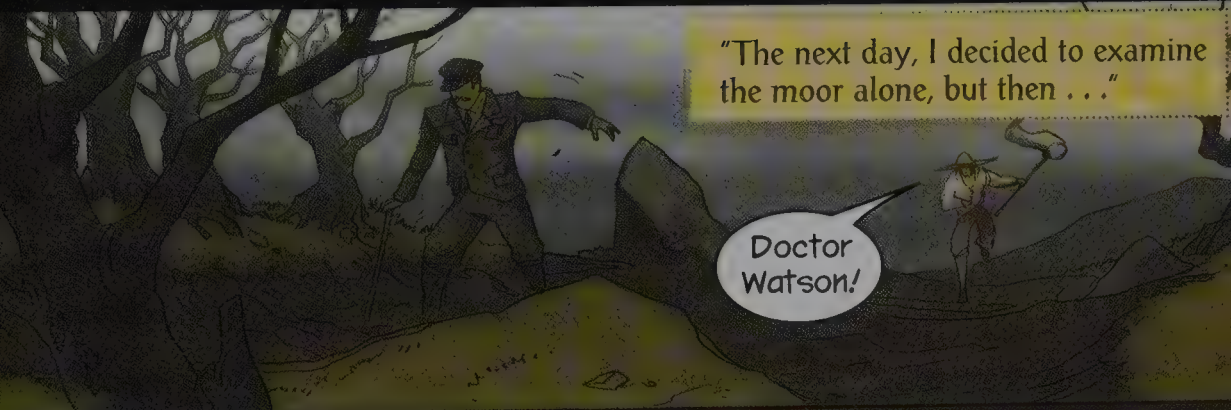
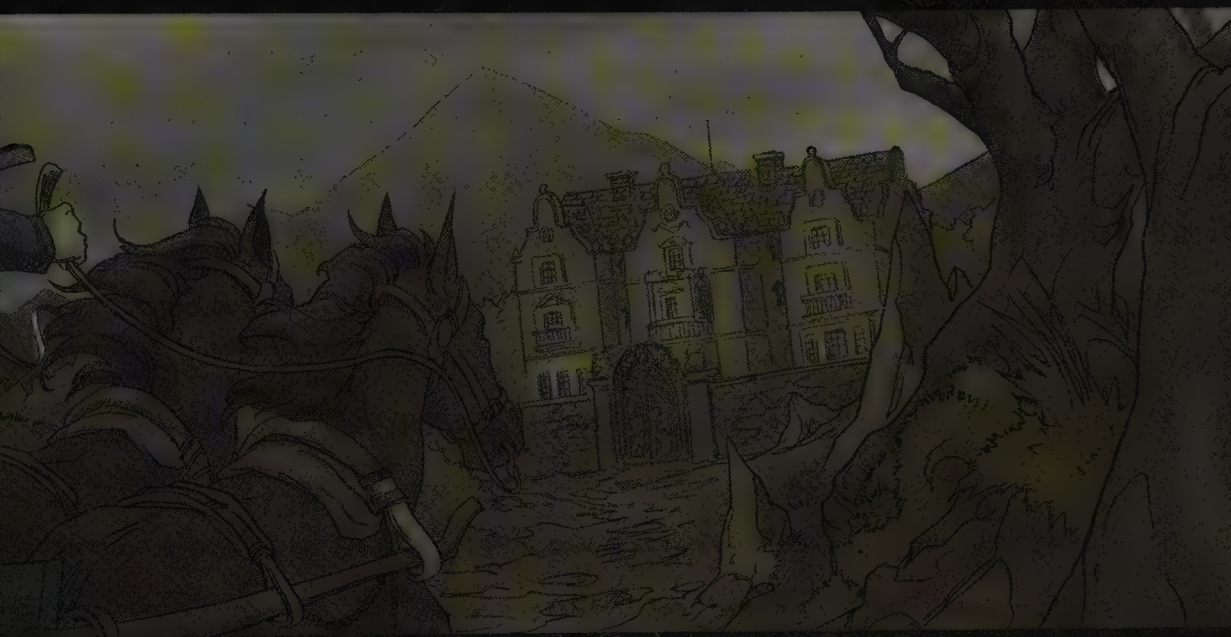
Dartmoor. Three days later . . .

BASKERVILLE HALL



Later, Watson began the first of many letters back to Sherlock.





"The next day, I decided to examine the moor alone, but then . . ."

Doctor Watson!



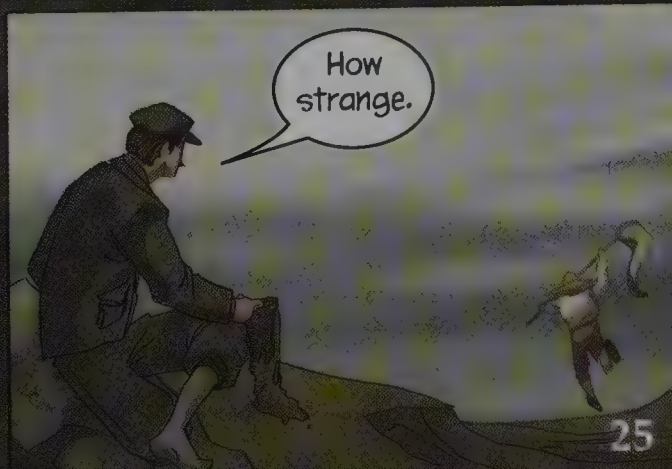
My name is Stapleton.

Another step and you would've been trapped in the deadly Grimpen Mire!

Ugh! So I see.



By Jove! A *Cyclopides lepidoptera*!



How strange.

Suddenly . . .

Go back to
London at
once!

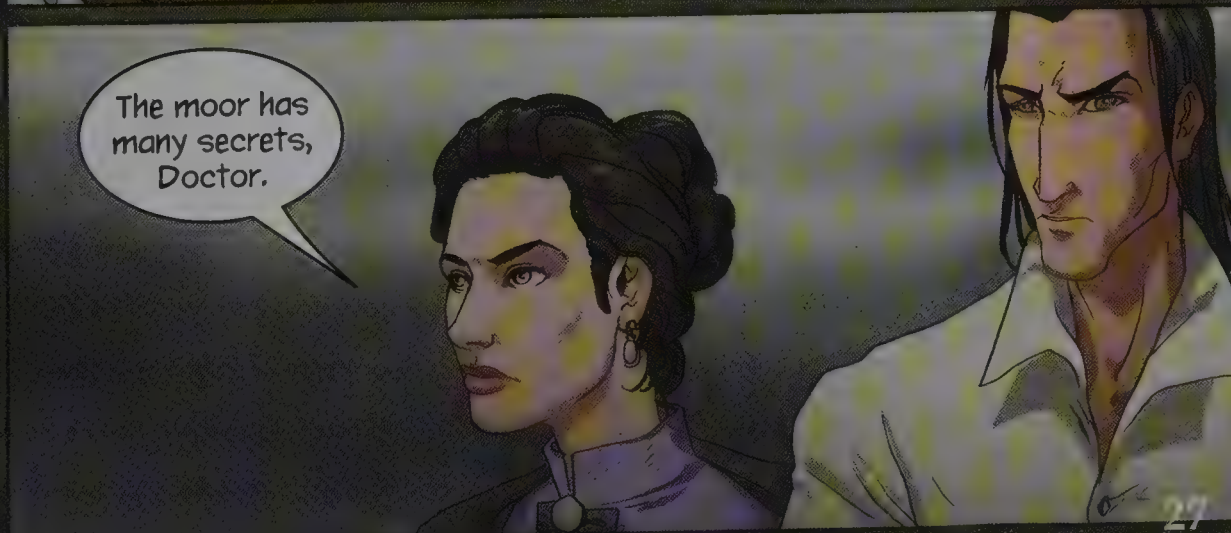
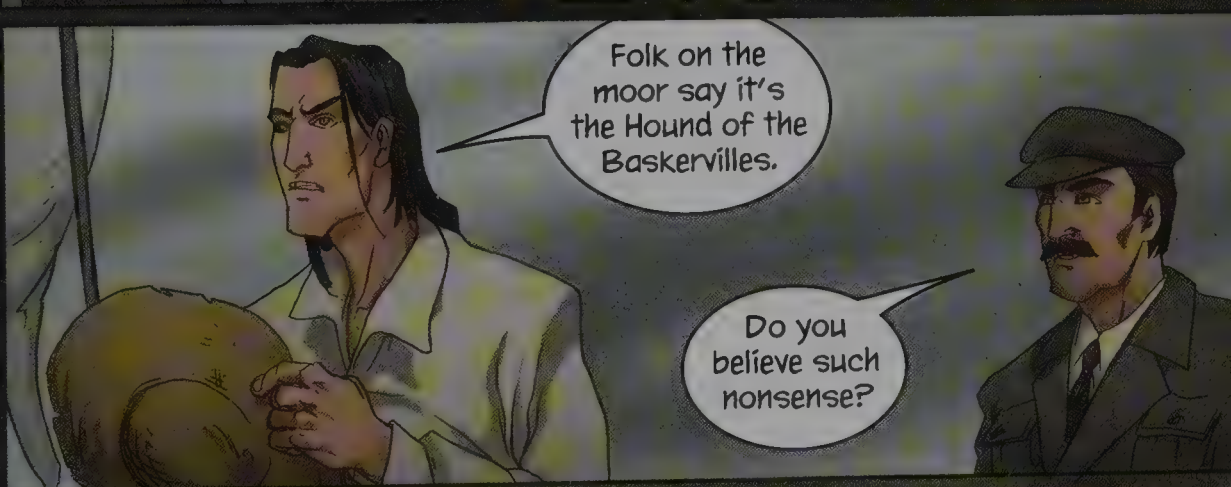
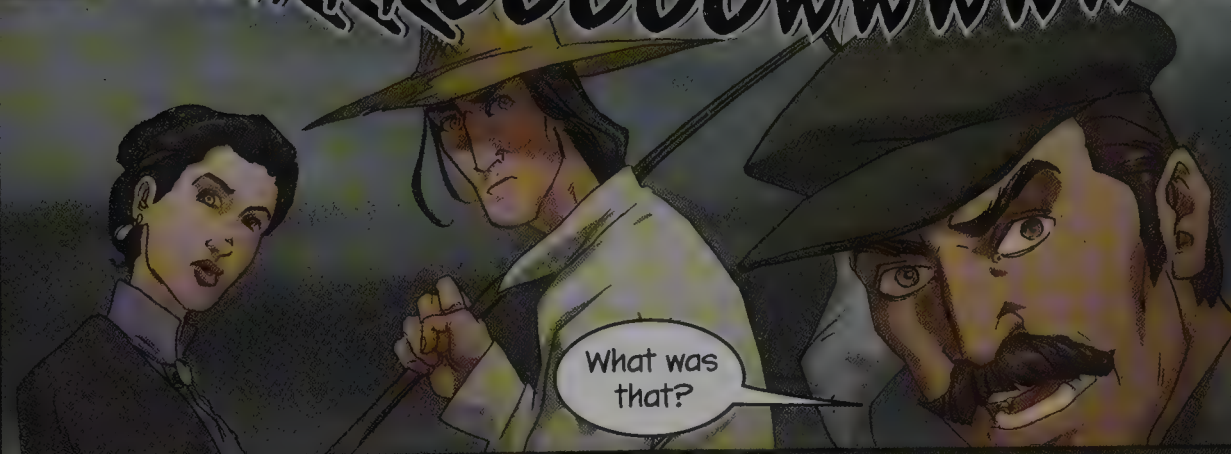
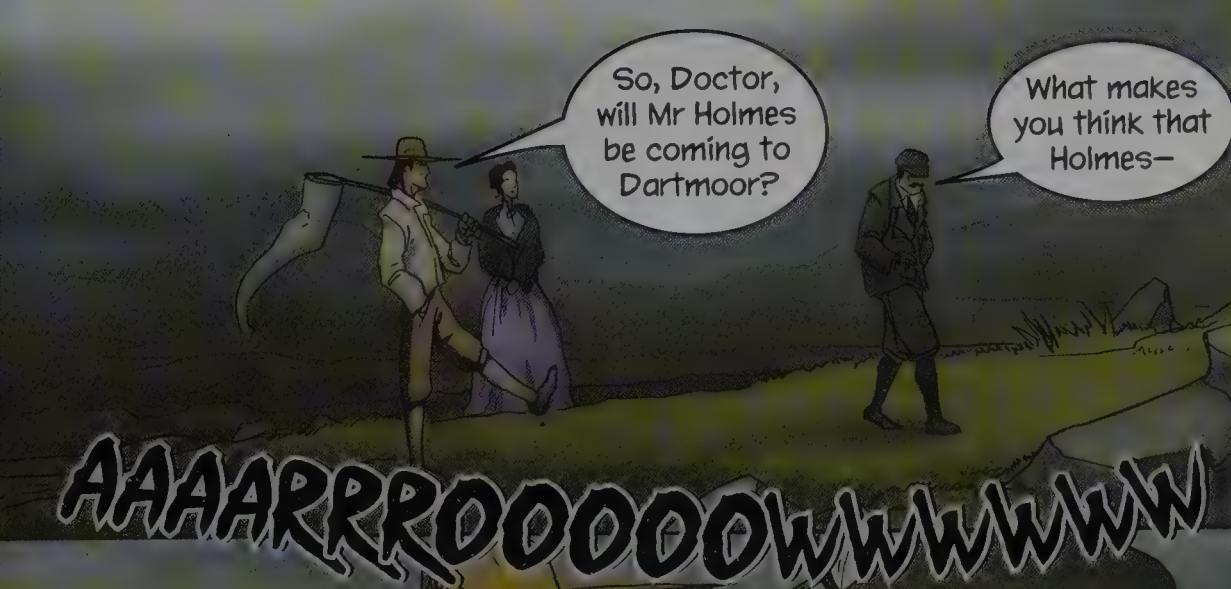
What? Who
are you?

Here comes
my brother!
I must say
no more.

Ah, so you've
already met my
sister, Beryl.

Yes, I was telling
Sir Henry to be
more careful on
the moor.

I'm not Sir
Henry, miss. My
name is Dr
John Watson.



"Later that evening, Sir Henry invited his closest neighbours to dinner."

"Dr. Mortimer and the Stapletons were there, of course."

"There was also a spirited old man named Franklin."

Yes, a grave robber! That is what you are, Stapleton!

What do you mean, Mr Franklin?

He's talking about a prehistoric skull that I recently dug up.

You see, he admits the crime!

"Miss Stapleton had come, despite her odd behavior earlier."



"Sir Henry was delighted. The attraction between them was hard to miss."

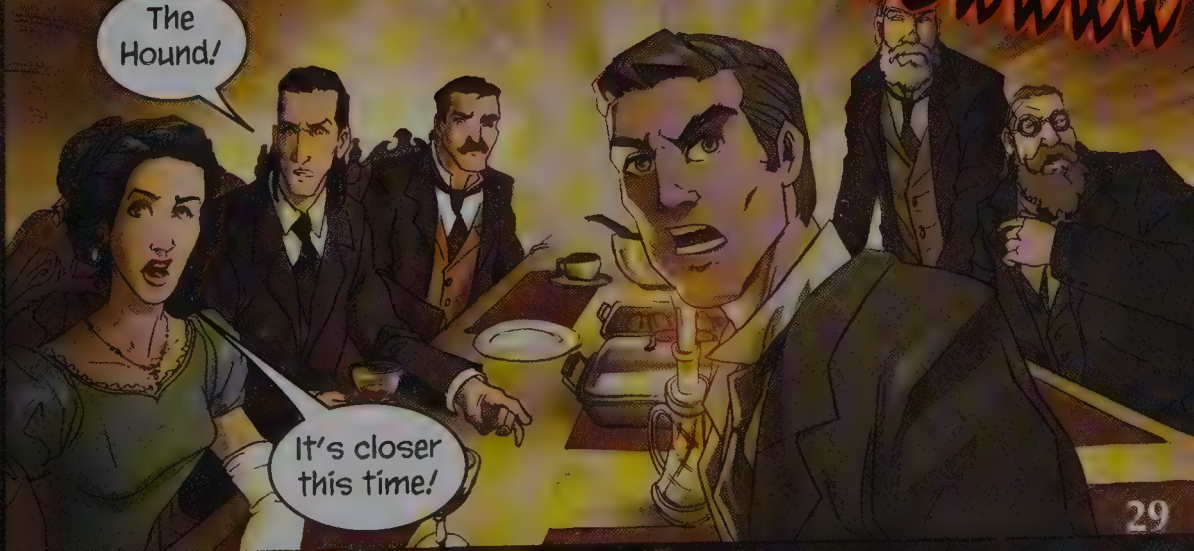


"Despite heavy rain, it seemed a perfect evening. However, it was not to last."

ROOOOOOWWWWWKOOOOOWWWWW

The Hound!

It's closer this time!



"The long terrible howls continued."



What
could it
be?



Perhaps a
horse is caught
in the mire.



Jack, take
me home!



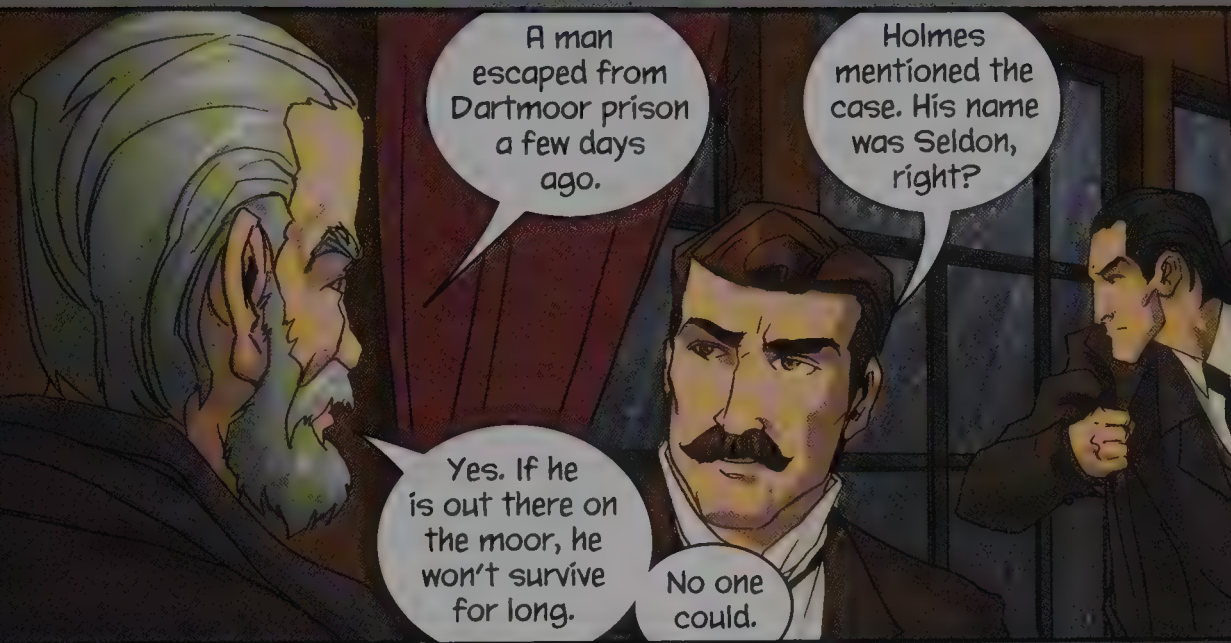
Please, let
me walk your
lovely sister to
the carriage,
Stapleton.



A trapped
horse! I have my
own thoughts about
these sounds,
Dr Watson.



And what
might that be,
Mr Franklin?



A man
escaped from
Dartmoor prison
a few days
ago.

Holmes
mentioned the
case. His name
was Seldon,
right?

Yes. If he
is out there on
the moor, he
won't survive
for long.

No one
could.



"As Sir Henry was saying his farewell to Miss Stapleton,
I thought I noticed a sudden coldness in her brother's eyes."



"Perhaps, I only imagined it."

Sir
Henry?

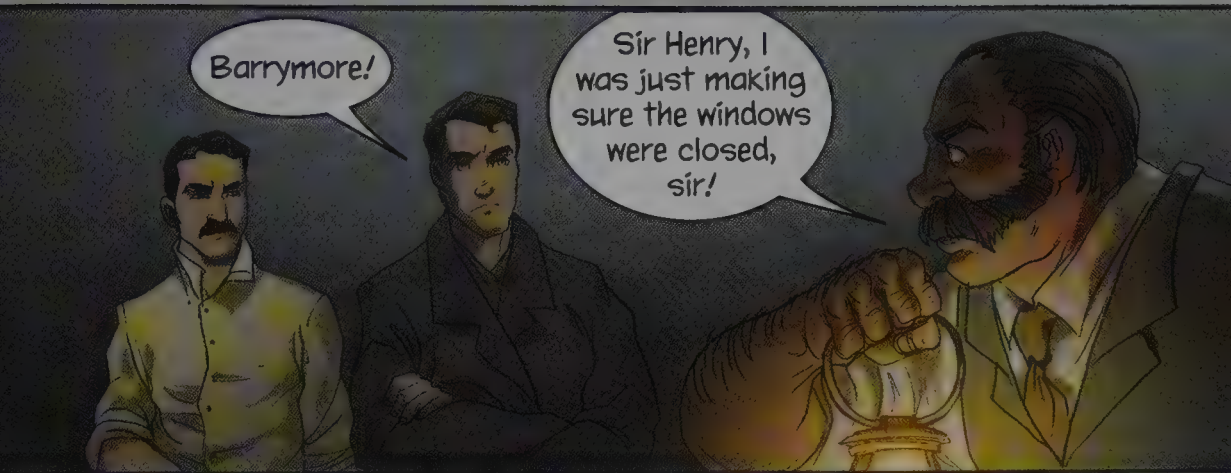
Come
with me, Dr
Watson.

Better
bring your
gun.

MYSTERY ON THE MOOR

"The mysteries were just beginning
on that stormy night."

Have a
look around
that corner,
Doctor.



Barrymore!

Sir Henry, I was just making sure the windows were closed, sir!



I see.

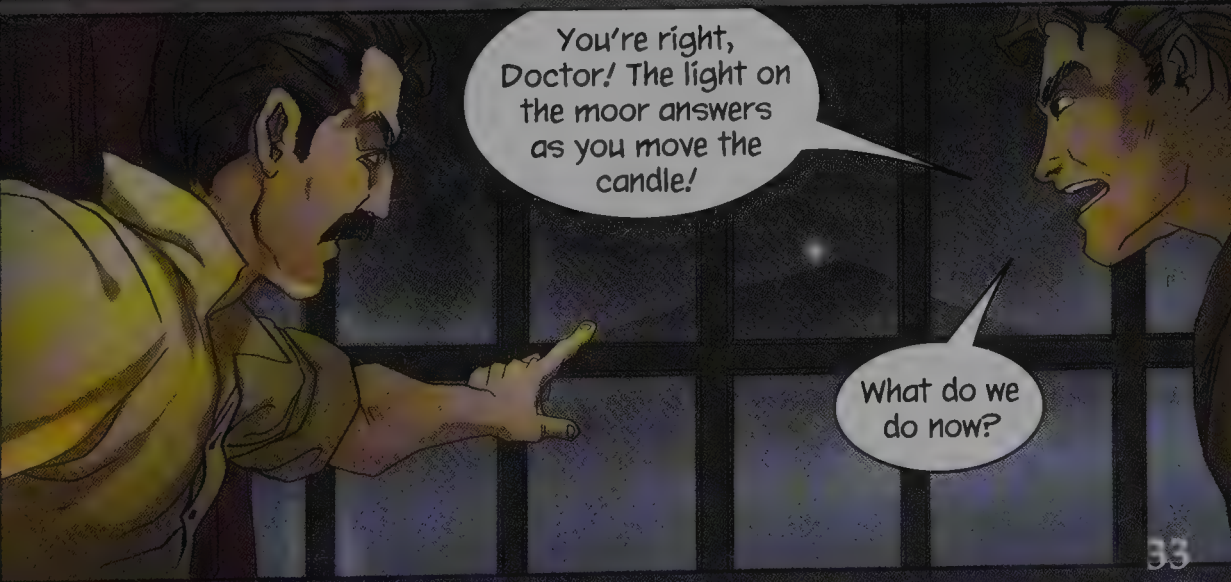
You may go to bed now, Barrymore.

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.



I thought so!

Barrymore was signalling to someone.



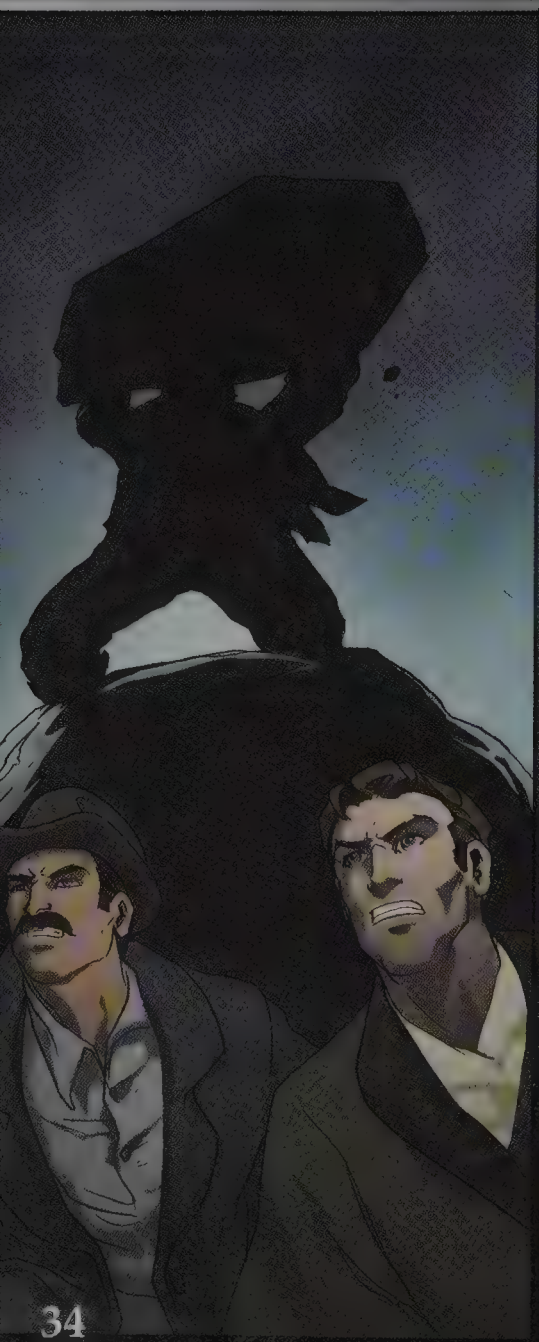
You're right, Doctor! The light on the moor answers as you move the candle!

What do we do now?

"I felt guilty taking Sir Henry with me, but I couldn't leave him alone in that house."

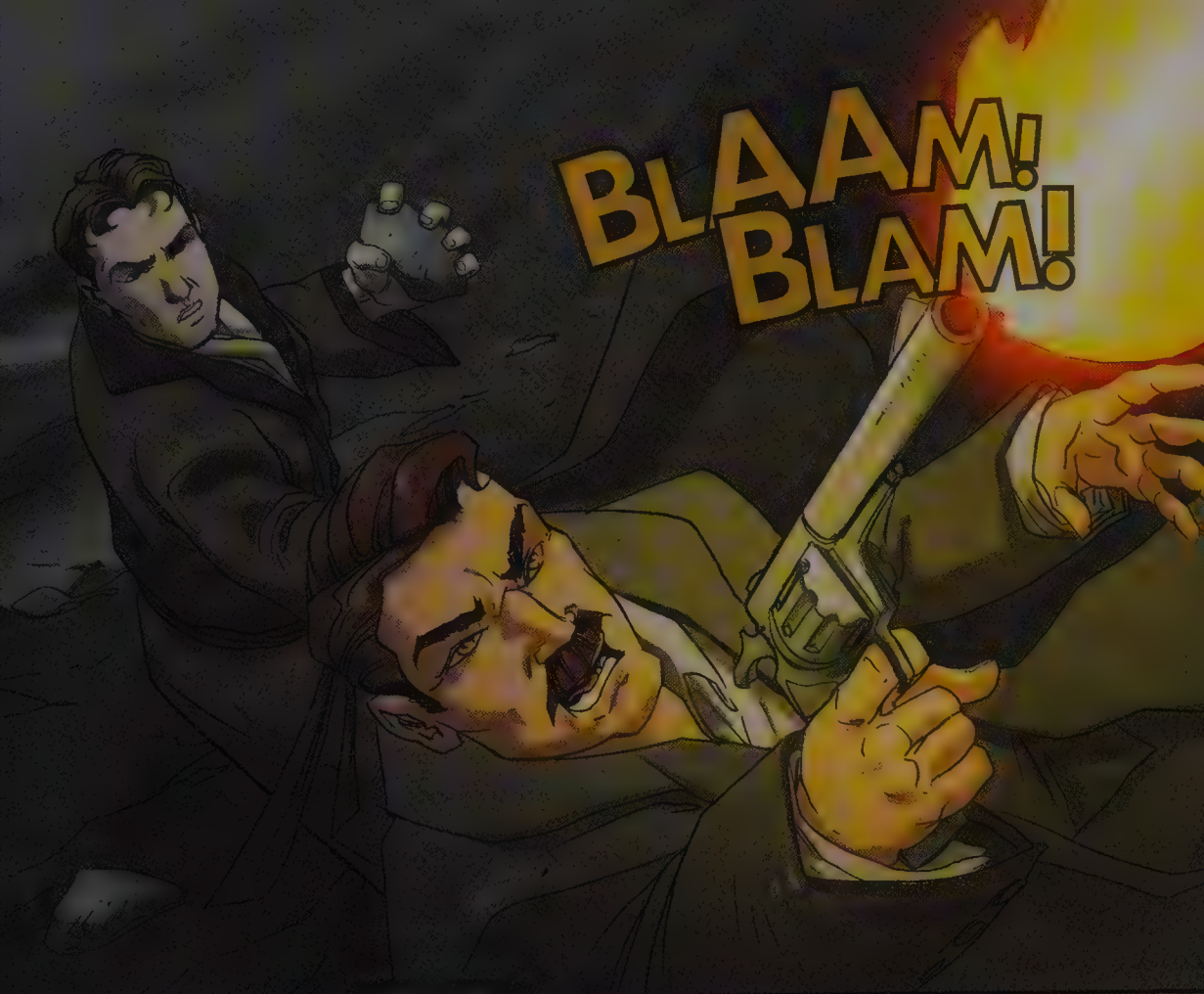
Over there,
Doctor!

"I was very glad to have my revolver."



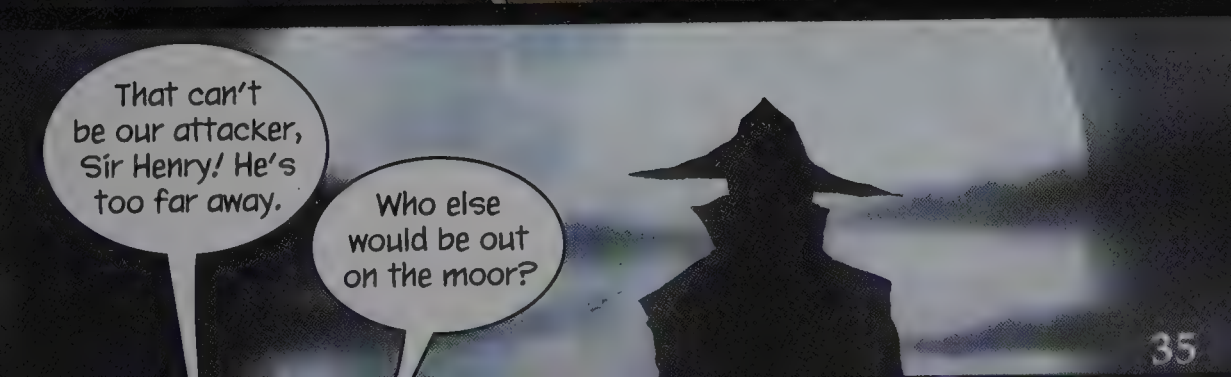
Sir Henry!
Look out!!

KRRRAASH



Must have
been Seldon,
the escaped
convict.

Look!
Against
the moon!



That can't
be our attacker,
Sir Henry! He's
too far away.

Who else
would be out
on the moor?

The next day . . .

Good morning, Barrymore.

Has Sir Henry already been down for breakfast?

Yes, sir.

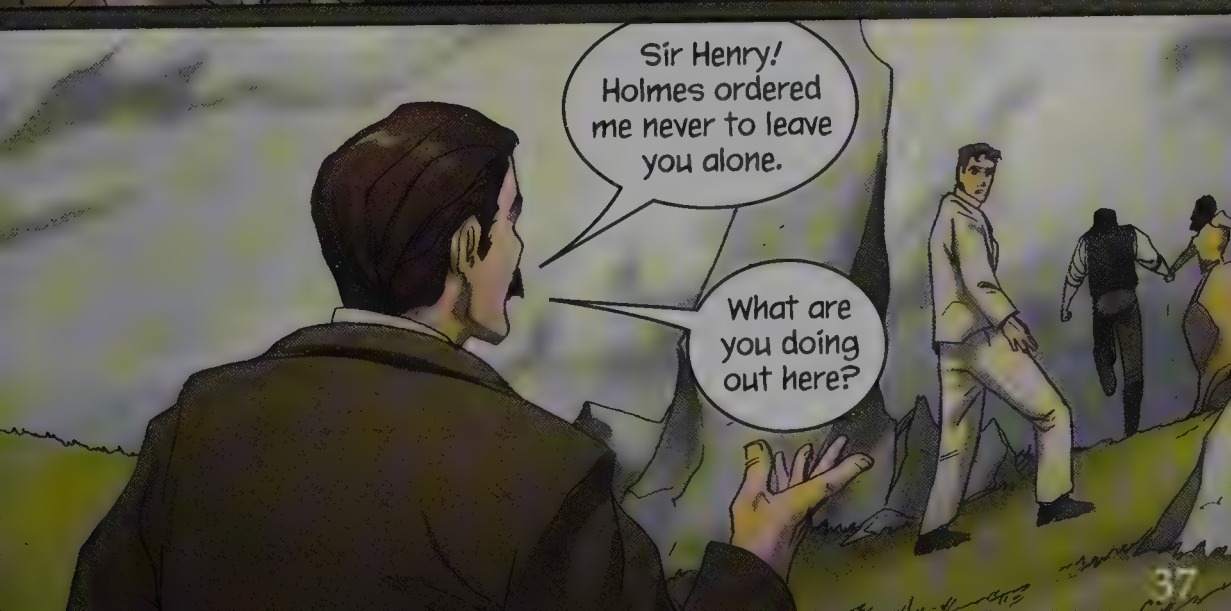
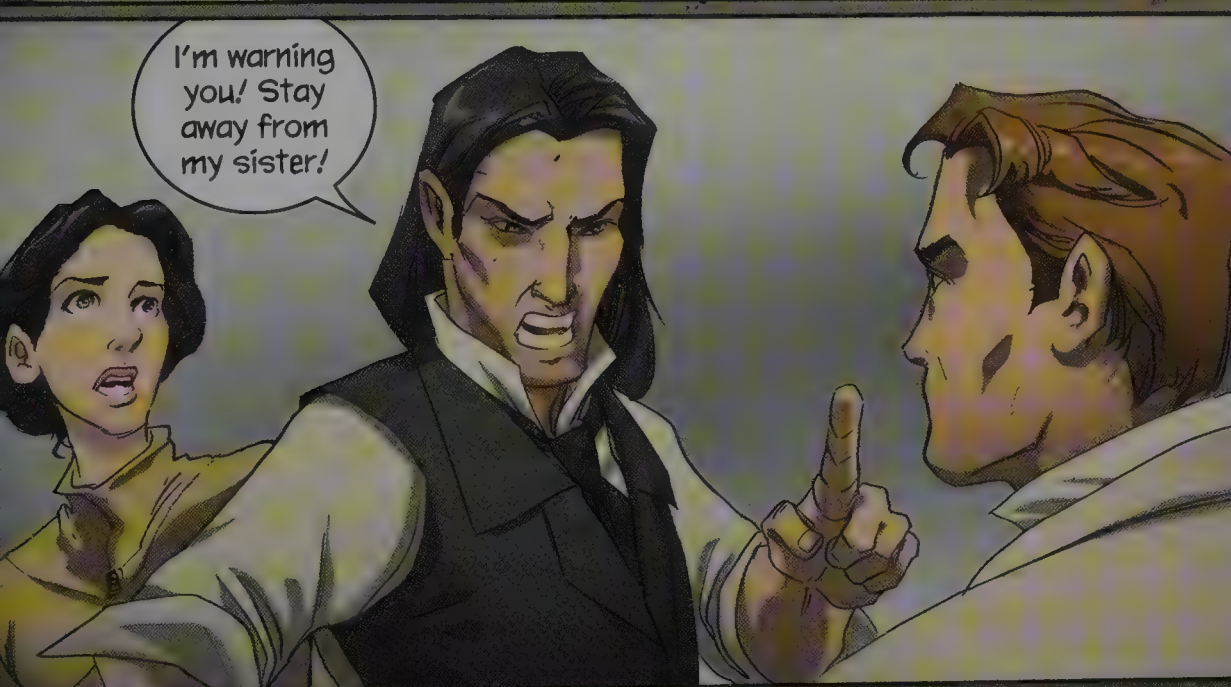
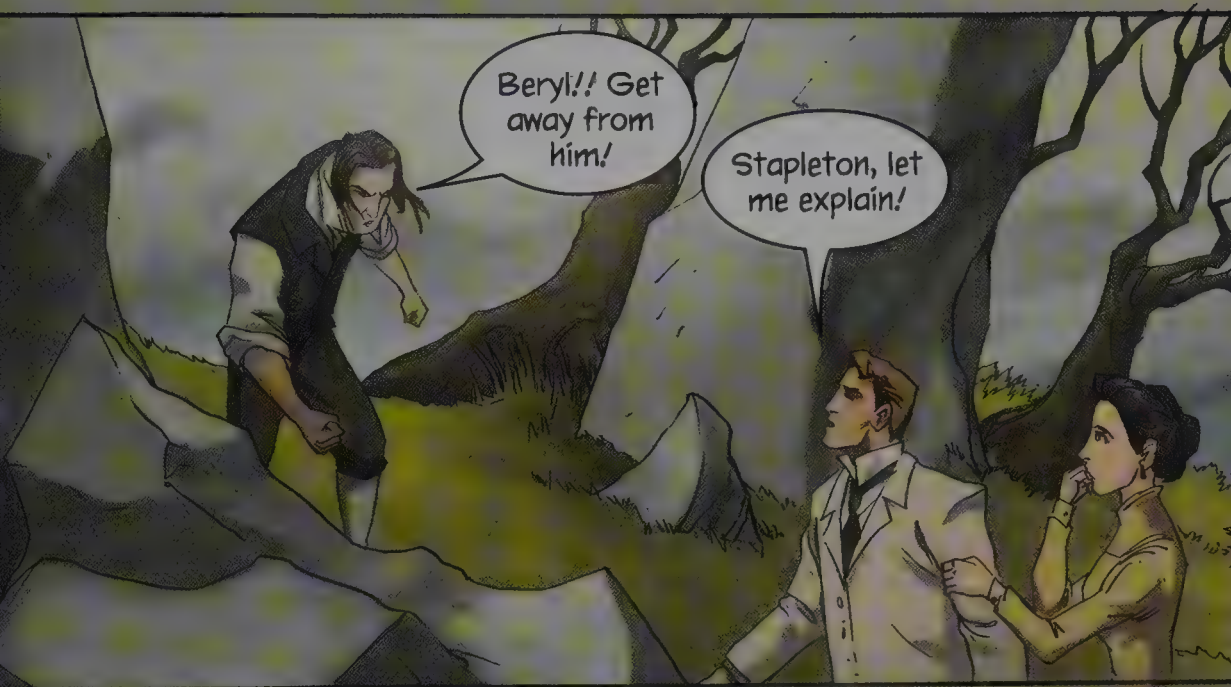
He left the house quite early this morning.

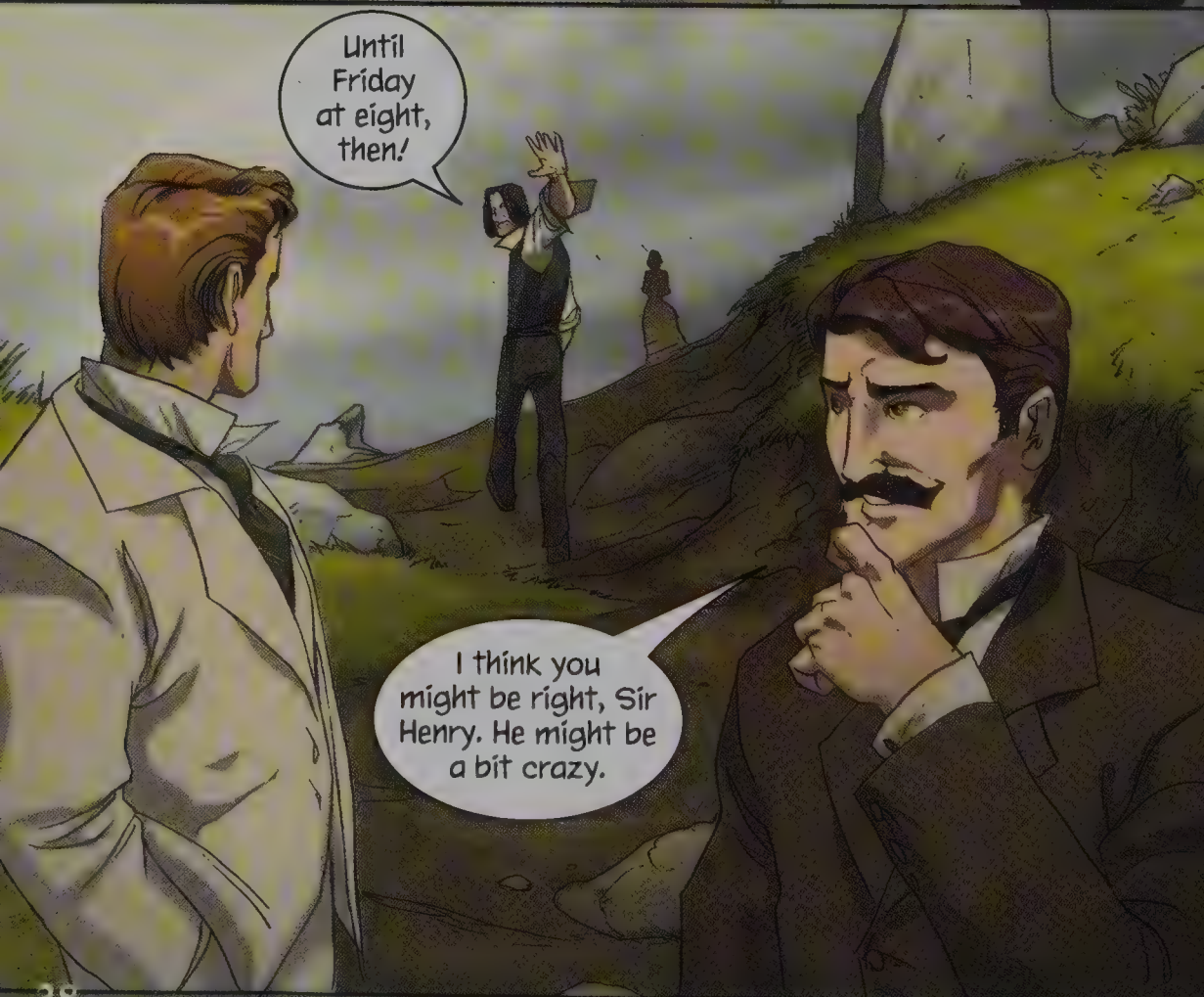
Sir Henry on the moor alone? Why would he be so foolish?!

Meanwhile . . .

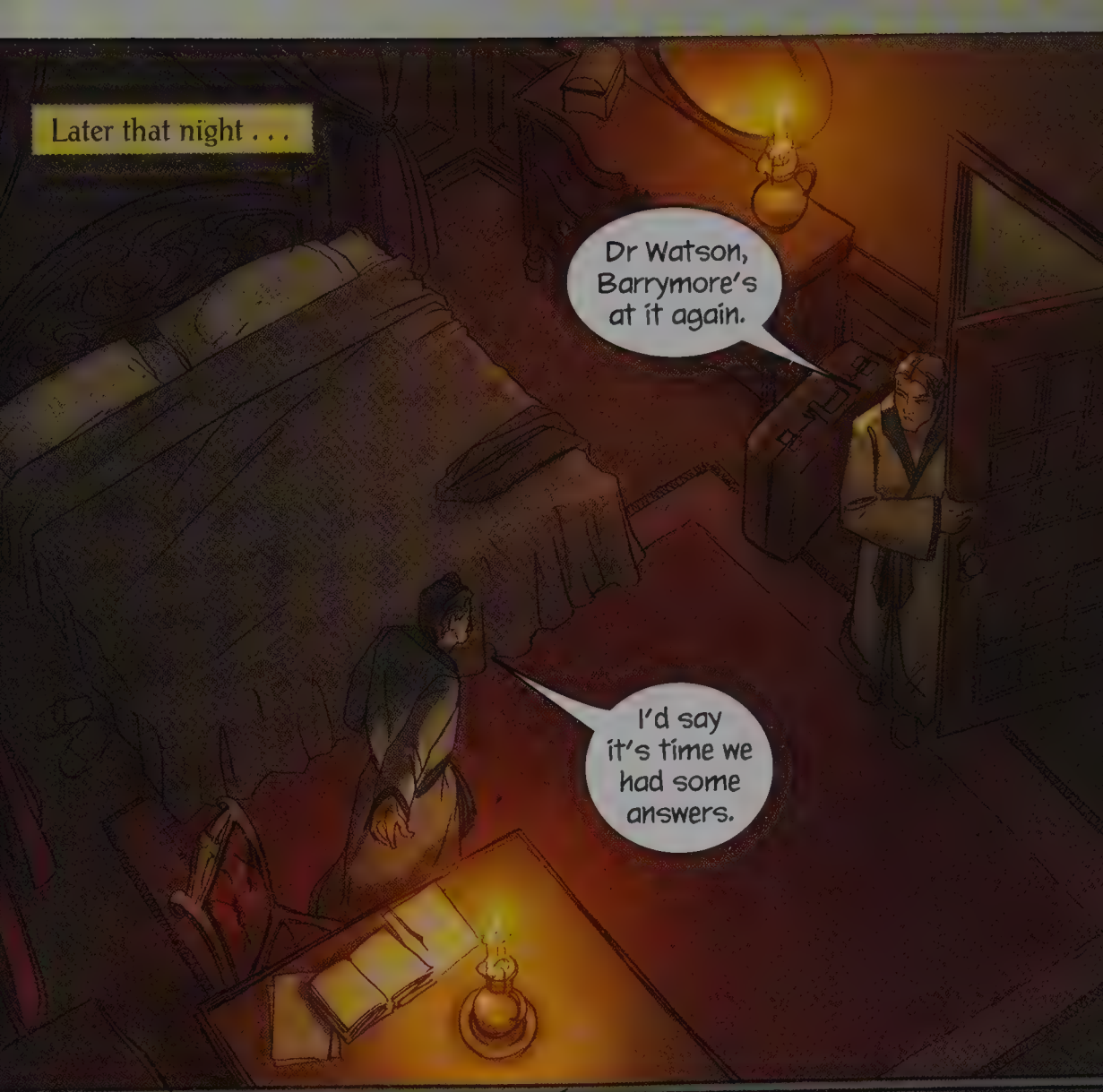
I shouldn't be here, Henry.

Of course, you should. I love you, Beryl.

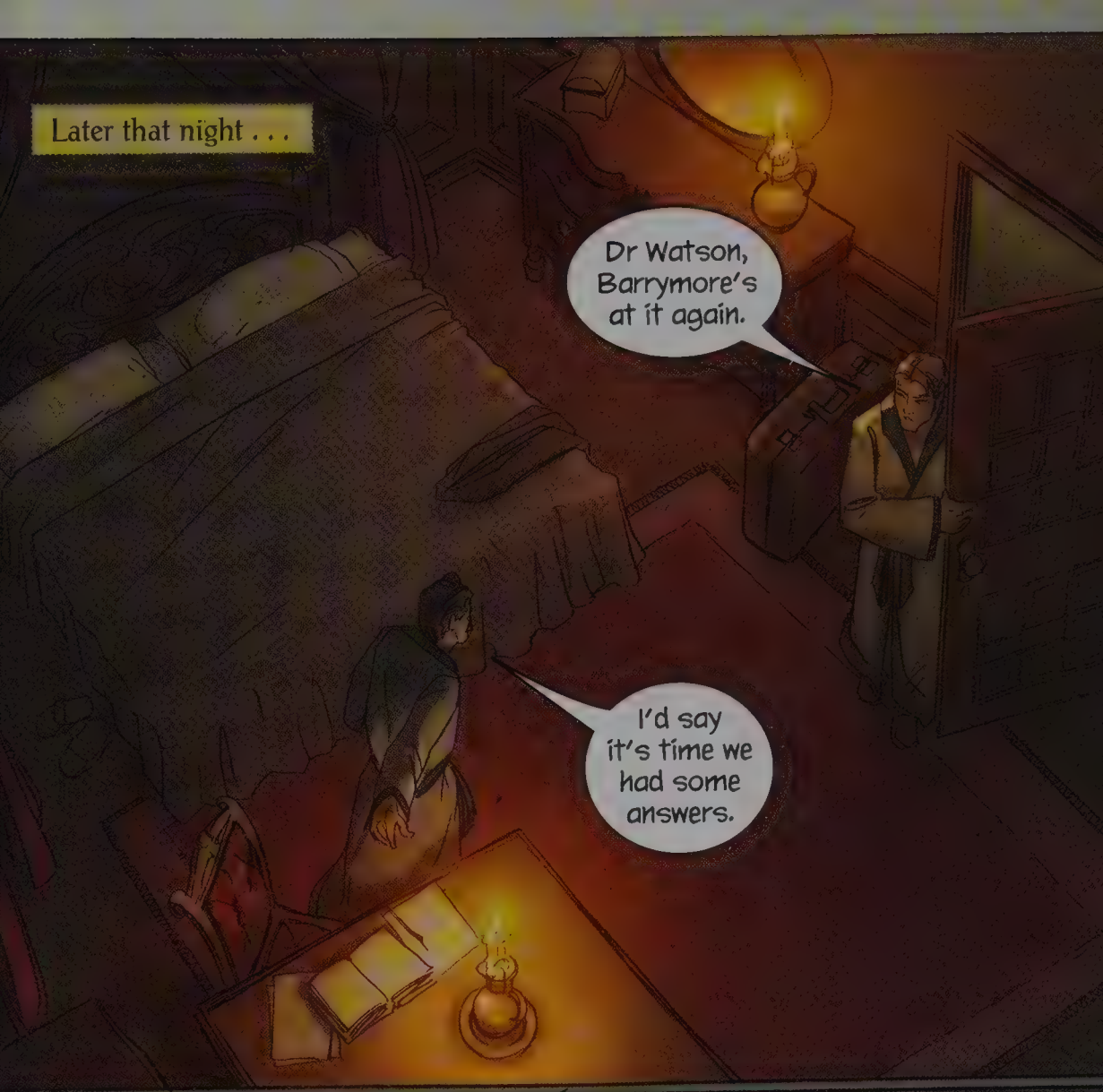




Later that night . . .



Dr Watson,
Barrymore's
at it again.



I'd say
it's time we
had some
answers.



Barrymore!
Your family has
lived in this house
a hundred years.



Now you're
in some secret
plot against
me!



No, sir. Not against you.

It's my fault, Sir Henry. My brother is Seldon, the escaped convict.



I couldn't turn my back on my brother.

I cannot blame you for standing by your own family.

In fact, I'd like to help. Let me give you some warm clothes for your brother.

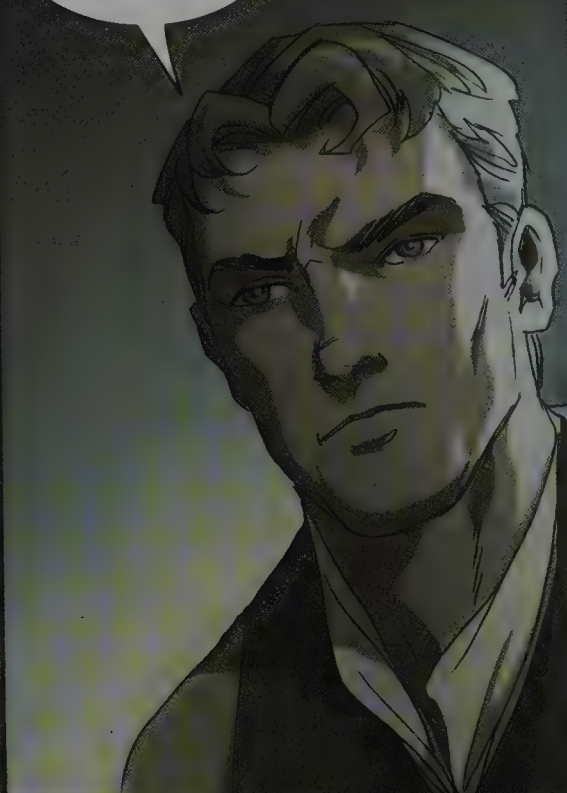


Oh, thank you, sir. And perhaps I can return the favour.

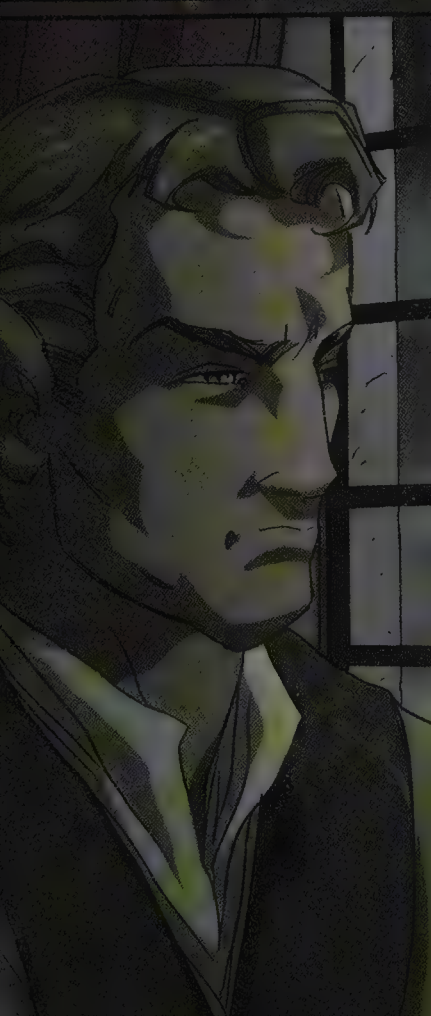
I know something more about the death of poor Sir Charles.



He was outside
the gate at that
late hour to meet
a woman.



A woman?
Do you know
her name?



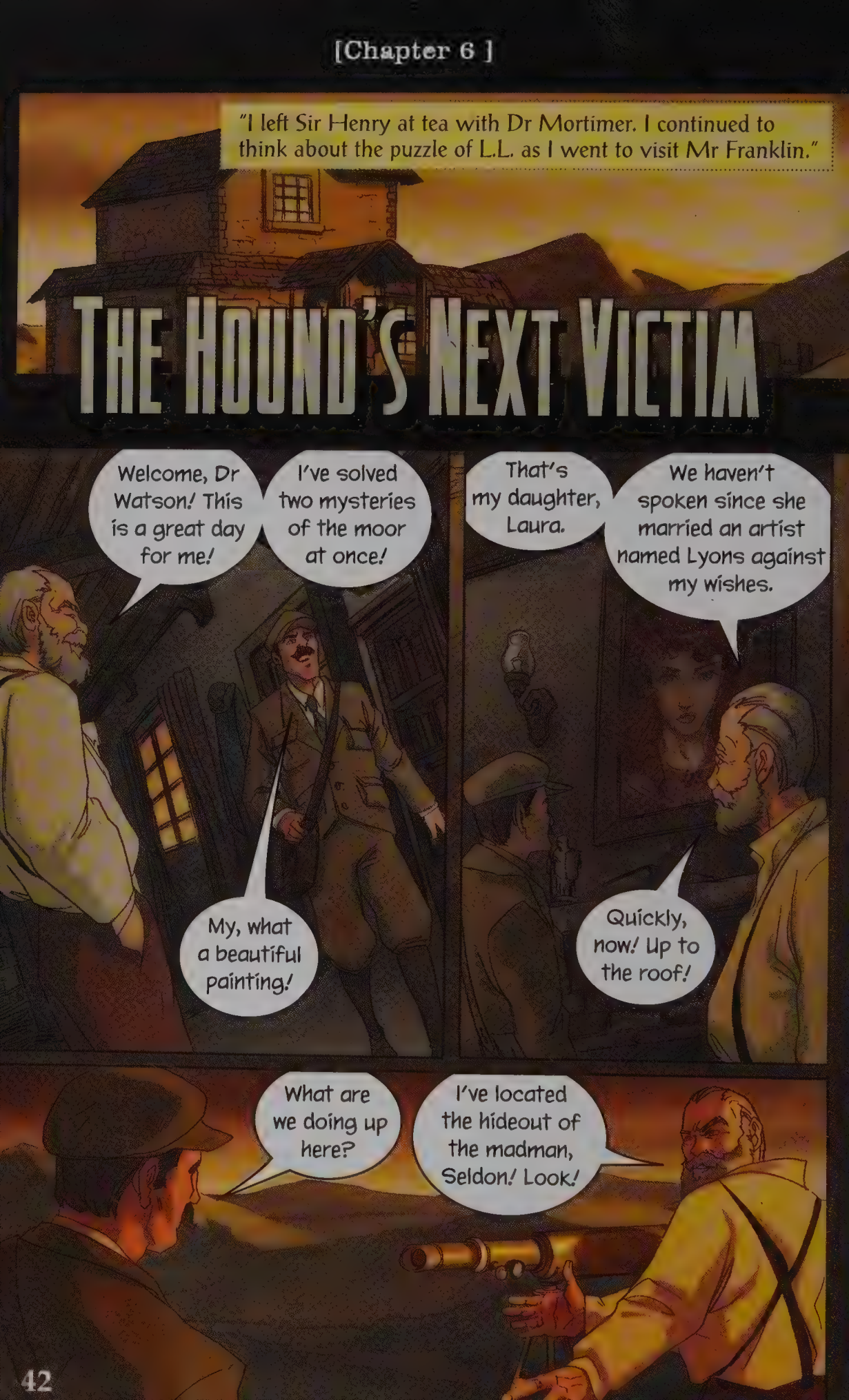
No sir, but I
found a note. It said,
"Please be at the
gate at midnight"
and was signed
"L.L."



If we could
identify this lady,
sir, it might solve
the mystery of
your uncle's
death.

"I left Sir Henry at tea with Dr Mortimer. I continued to think about the puzzle of L.L. as I went to visit Mr Franklin."

THE HOUND'S NEXT VICTIM



Welcome, Dr Watson! This is a great day for me!

I've solved two mysteries of the moor at once!

That's my daughter, Laura.

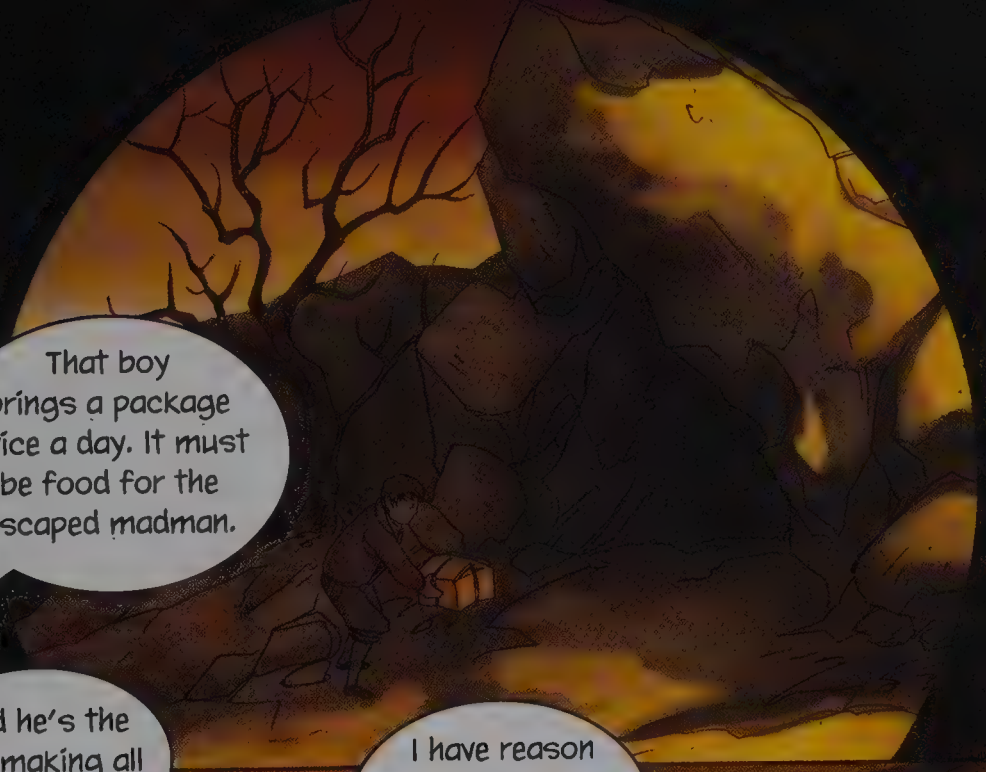
We haven't spoken since she married an artist named Lyons against my wishes.

My, what a beautiful painting!

Quickly, now! Up to the roof!

What are we doing up here?

I've located the hideout of the madman, Seldon! Look!

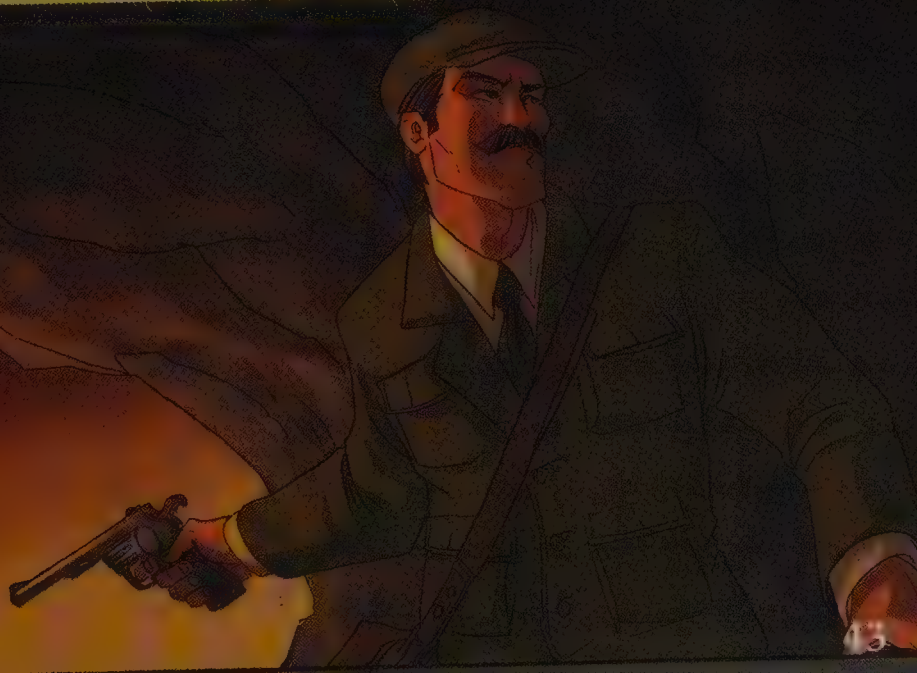


That boy
brings a package
twice a day. It must
be food for the
escaped madman.

And he's the
one making all
those howls!

I have reason
to believe that
you're wrong, Mr
Franklin.

"... but there was one way to find out for sure."





Be careful
with that revolver,
Watson.



I sincerely
hope you have
not left Sir Henry
unprotected.



Holmes!

How long
have you been
here?



Exactly three
hours after you
arrived.

With everyone
thinking I was back
in London, I've been
free to work.



So does the
hound actually
exist?

It does.

AAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



Quickly,
Watson!

Before
we are too
late!



There! Through the fog! See it for yourself!

The Hound!



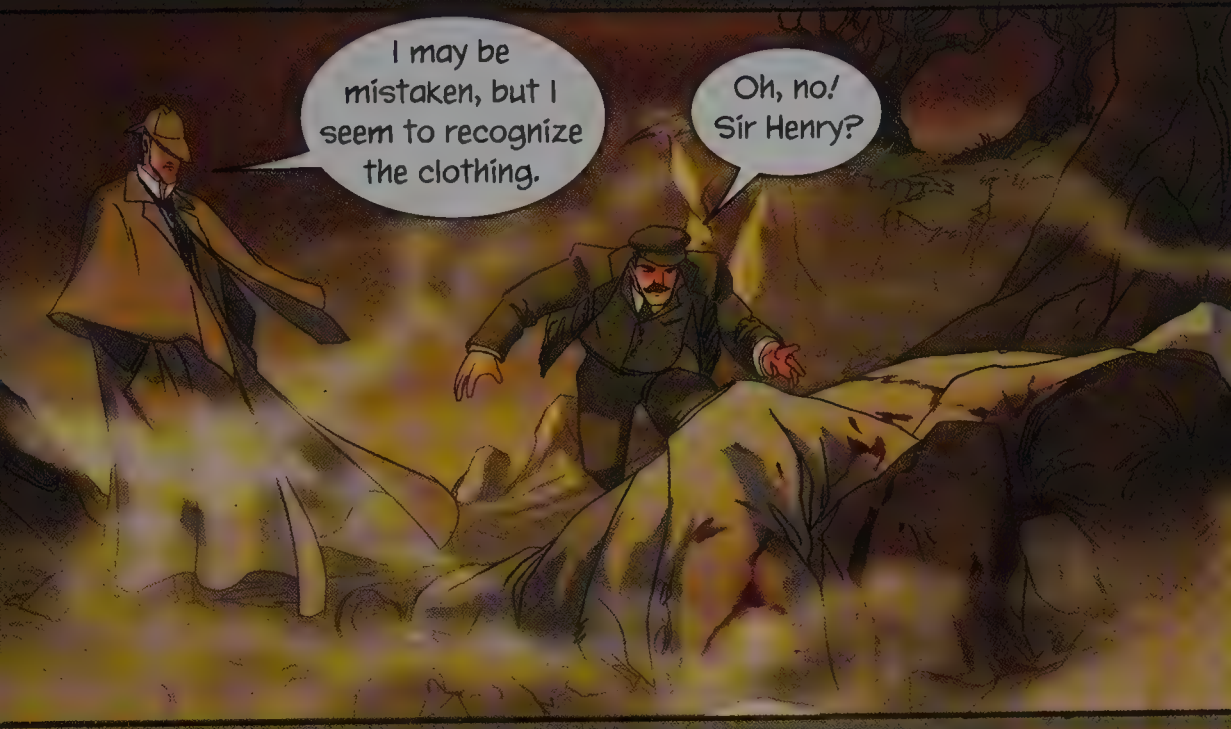
Look! The monster has cornered some poor man!



AHHH!!

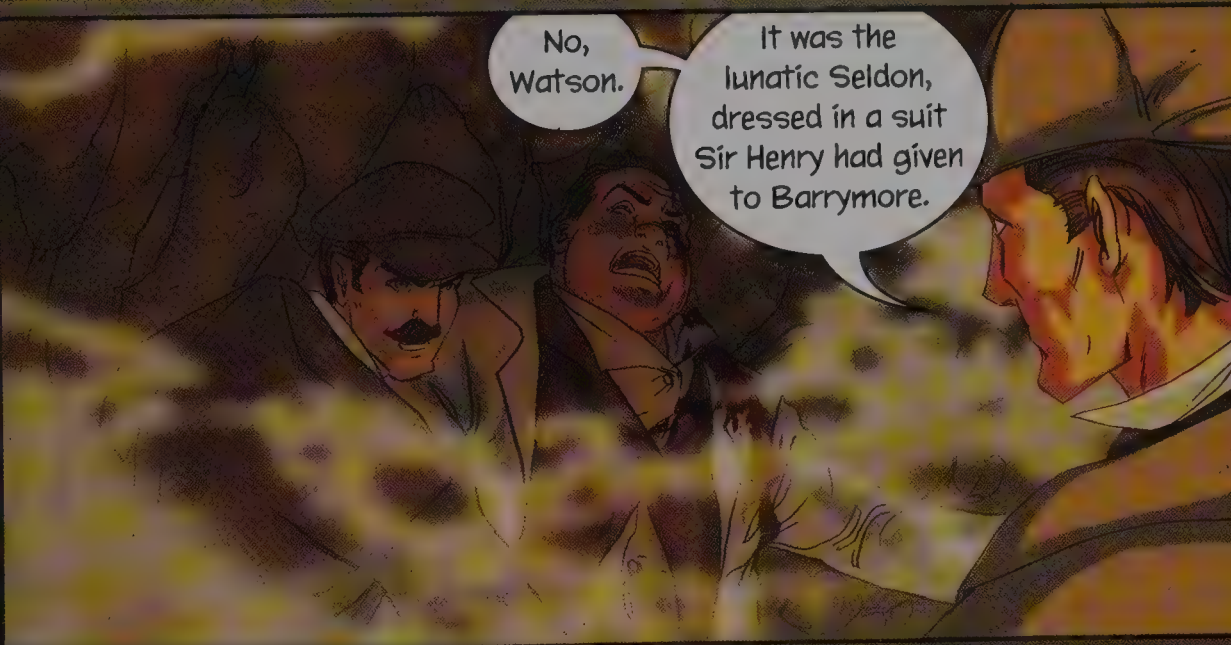


No one will survive that fall. Who could it be, Holmes?



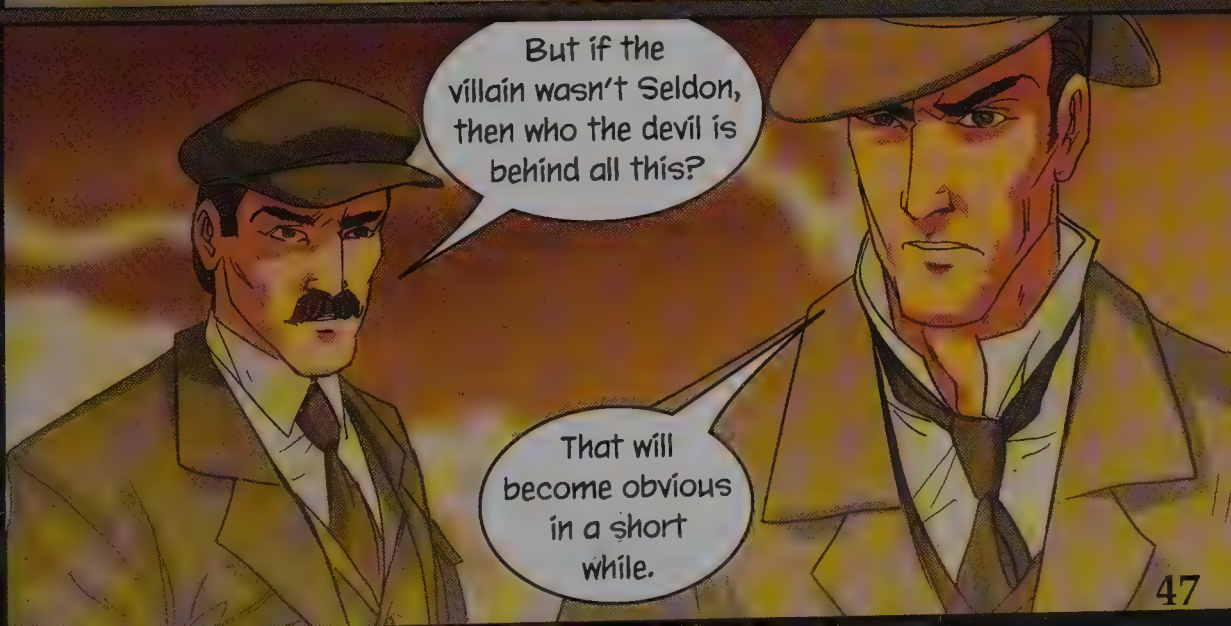
I may be mistaken, but I seem to recognize the clothing.

Oh, no! Sir Henry?



No, Watson.

It was the lunatic Seldon, dressed in a suit Sir Henry had given to Barrymore.



But if the villain wasn't Seldon, then who the devil is behind all this?

That will become obvious in a short while.

Later, at Baskerville Hall . . .

HOLMES CLOSES IN

Mr Holmes, I had no idea you were coming to Dartmoor!

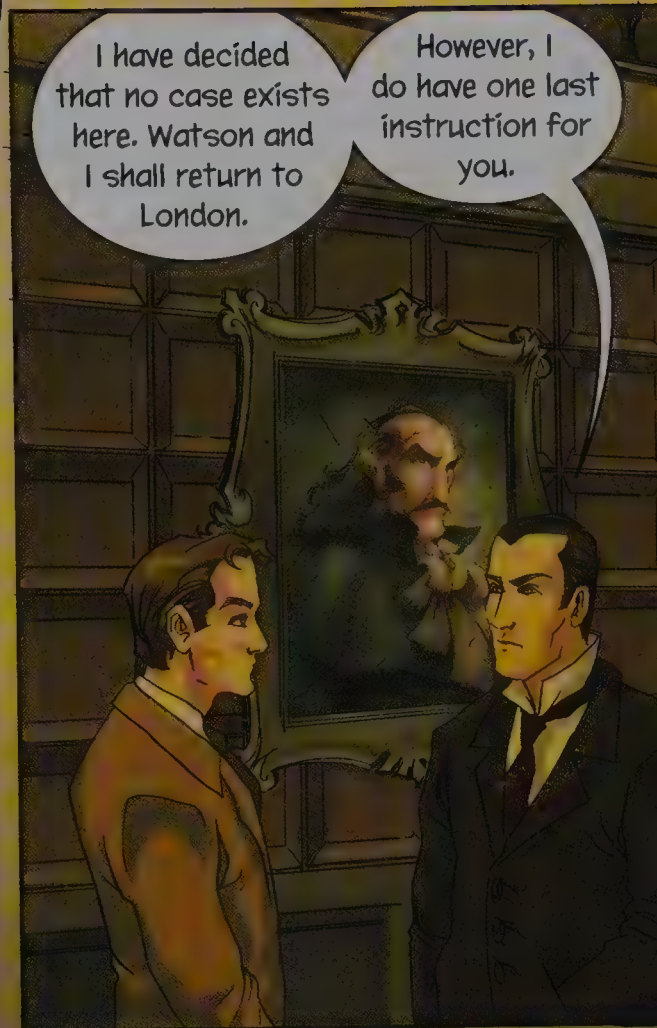
I thought I should.

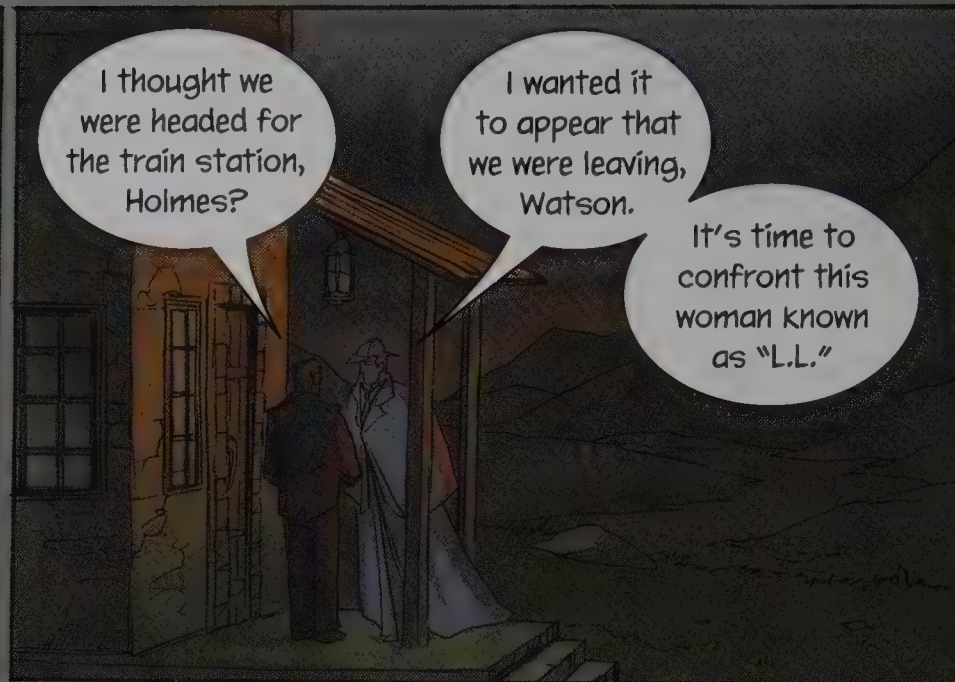
Are these family portraits, Sir Henry?

Yes, those are the Baskerville ancestors.

He's an unfriendly looking fellow. Do you know his name?

That's Hugo. He started the curse of the Hound!





I thought we were headed for the train station, Holmes?

I wanted it to appear that we were leaving, Watson.

It's time to confront this woman known as "L.L."



Good afternoon, Mrs Lyons. I'm investigating your connection to the murder of Sir Charles Baskerville.

Why, there's no connection!



The man you're protecting is not worthy of loyalty.

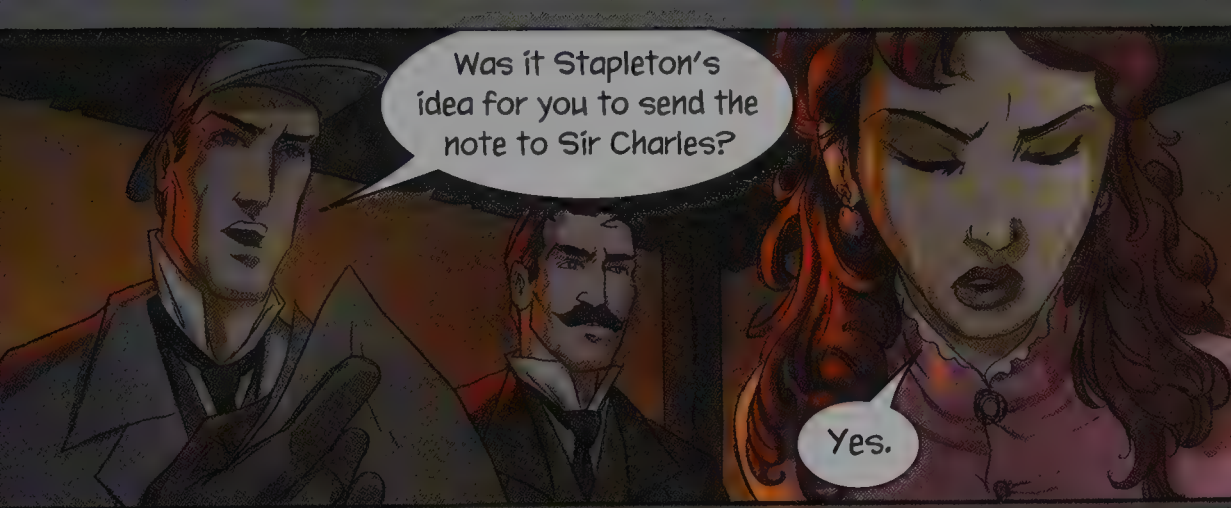
You are in danger, and so is his wife.



That liar! He said he wasn't married.

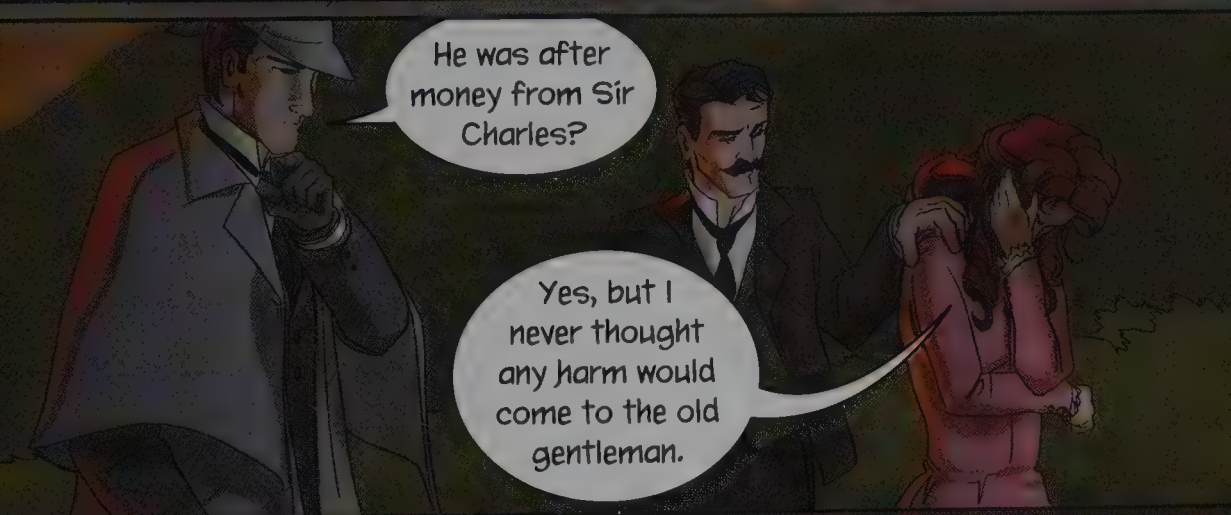
He promised to marry me!

I won't protect Jack Stapleton any longer!



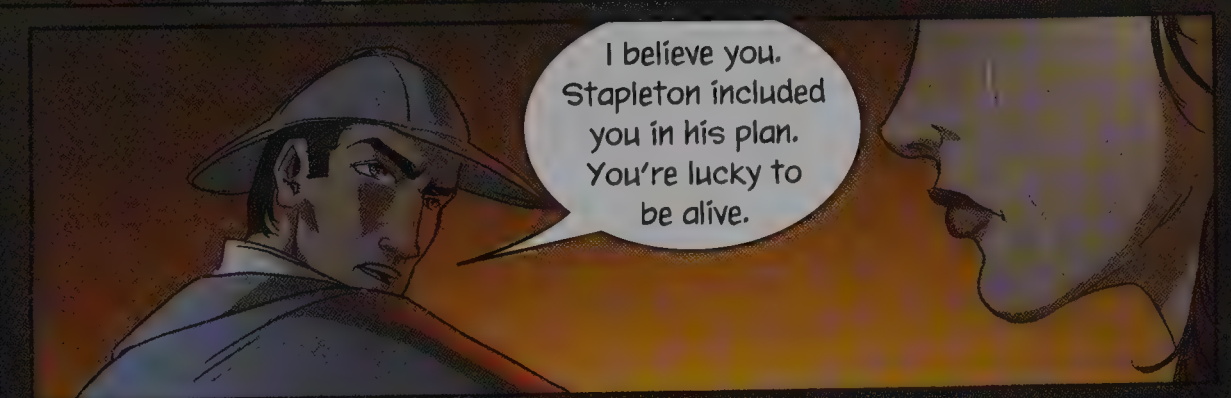
Was it Stapleton's idea for you to send the note to Sir Charles?

Yes.



He was after money from Sir Charles?

Yes, but I never thought any harm would come to the old gentleman.



I believe you. Stapleton included you in his plan. You're lucky to be alive.



Now we must find him before he destroys another life.

Friday evening . . .

Good night,
Sir Henry. I'm sorry
Beryl couldn't
attend dinner.

Yes, please
let her know that
I hope she feels
better.

Very nasty
fog tonight! I
wish Mr Holmes
was here.

Meanwhile . . .

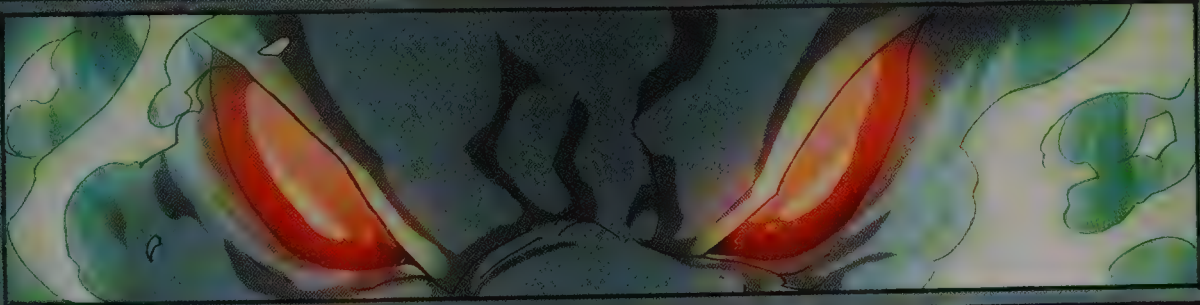
We must keep
Sir Henry in sight. We
need to catch the villain
red-handed.

Look!
Something is
approaching
him.

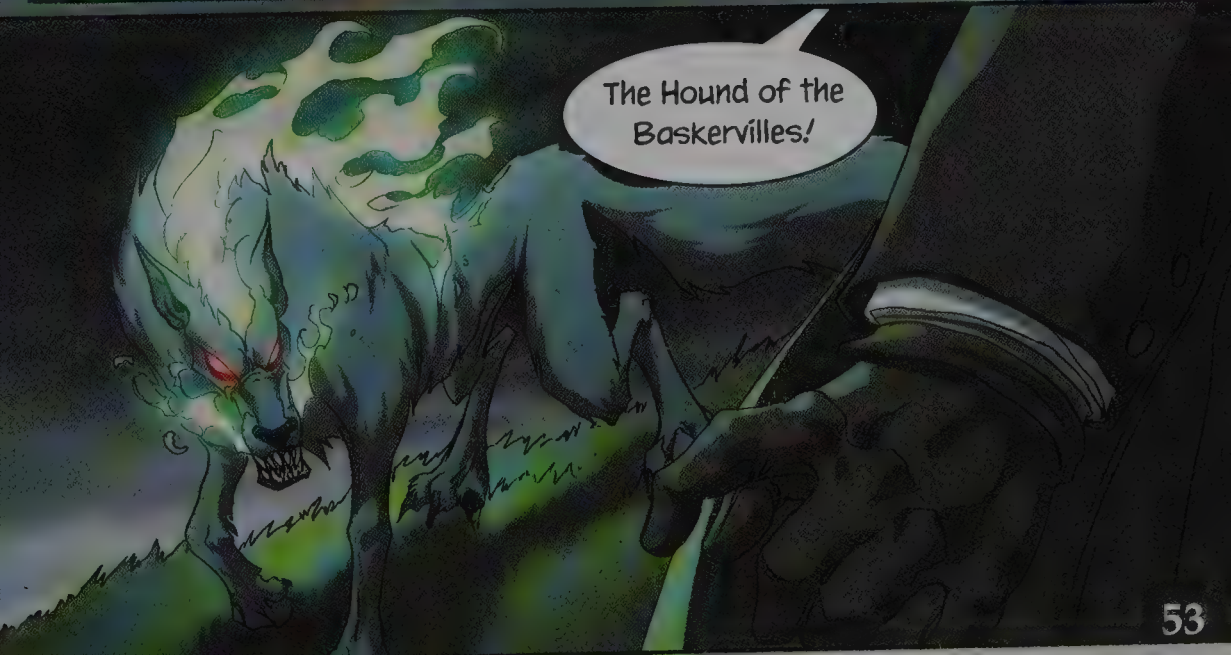


Hello? Is
someone
there?

It can't
be true!



The Hound of the
Baskervilles!



GRRRRRRRAARRRR



Nooooo!!



Now,
Watson!



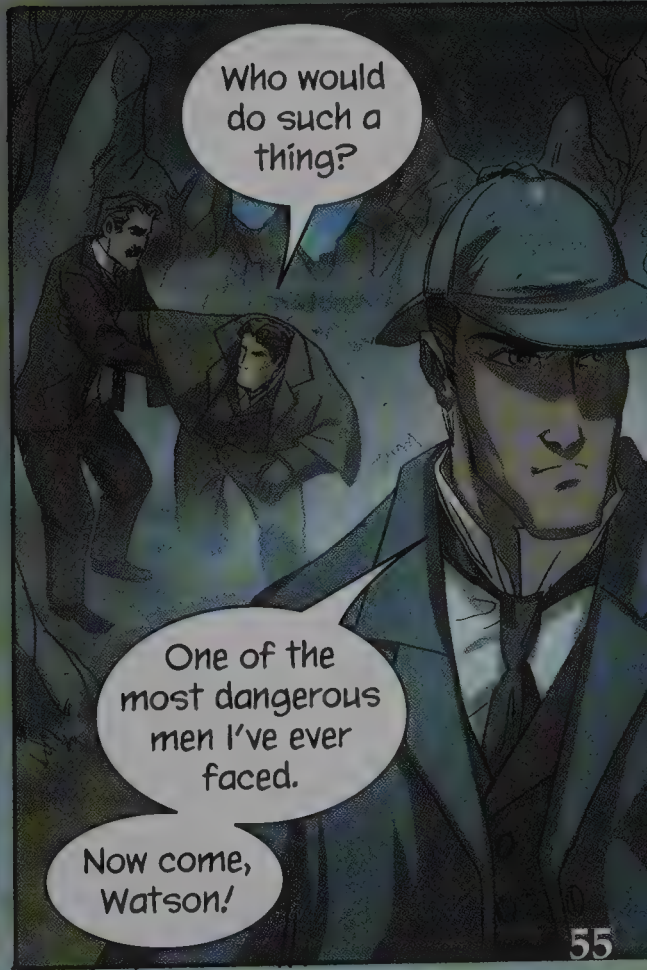
It's all right.
You're safe
now.

What was
that thing?



A very large
and angry
dog.

The animal has
been covered with
phosphorous paint
to make it glow.



Who would
do such a
thing?

One of the
most dangerous
men I've ever
faced.

Now come,
Watson!

Moments later at the Stapleton house . . .

KRRRAASH

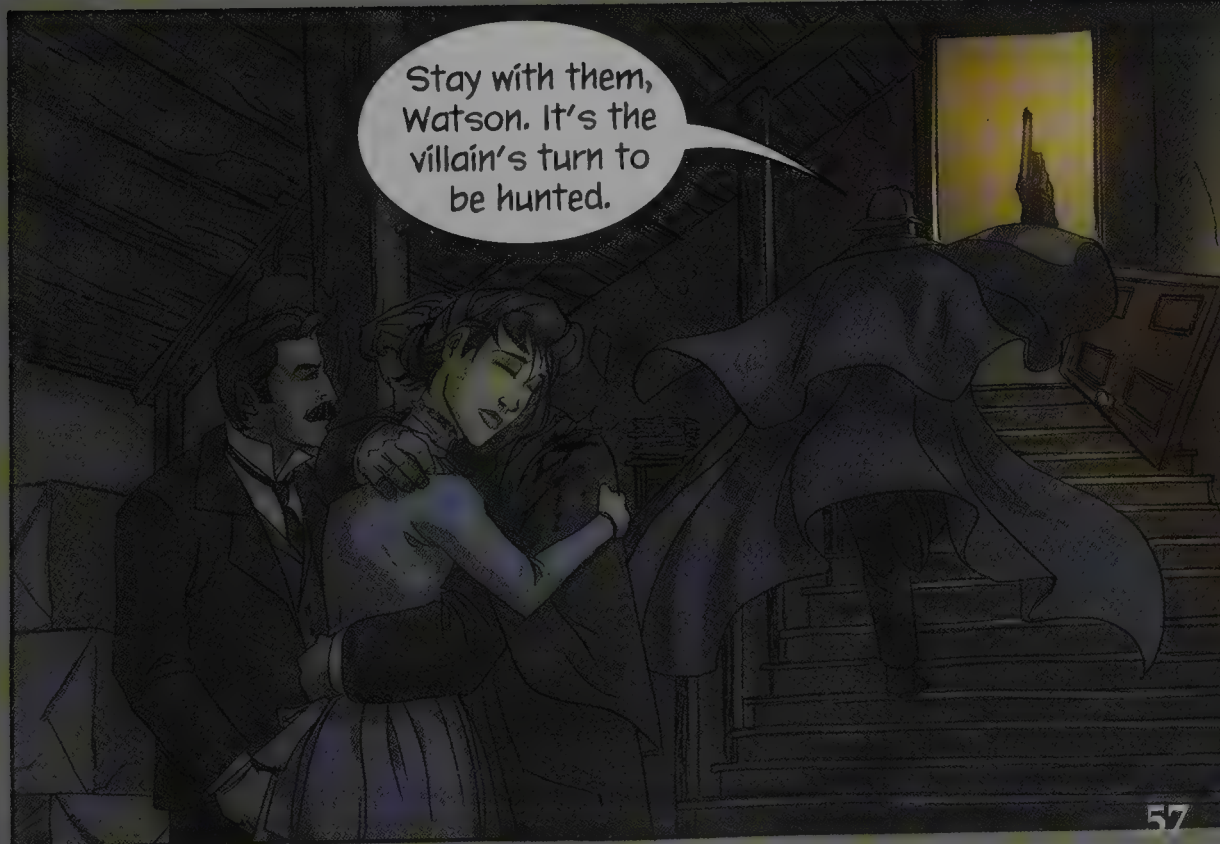
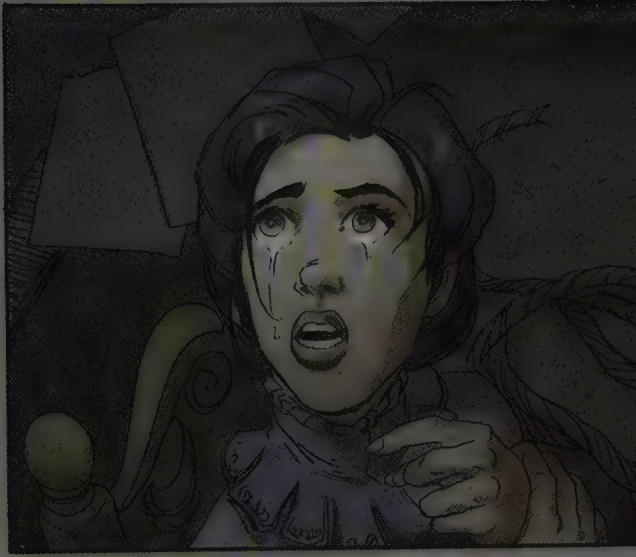
Listen!

There's
someone in
the cellar.

It's Beryl
Stapleton!

She's been
tied up so she
couldn't warn
Sir Henry.

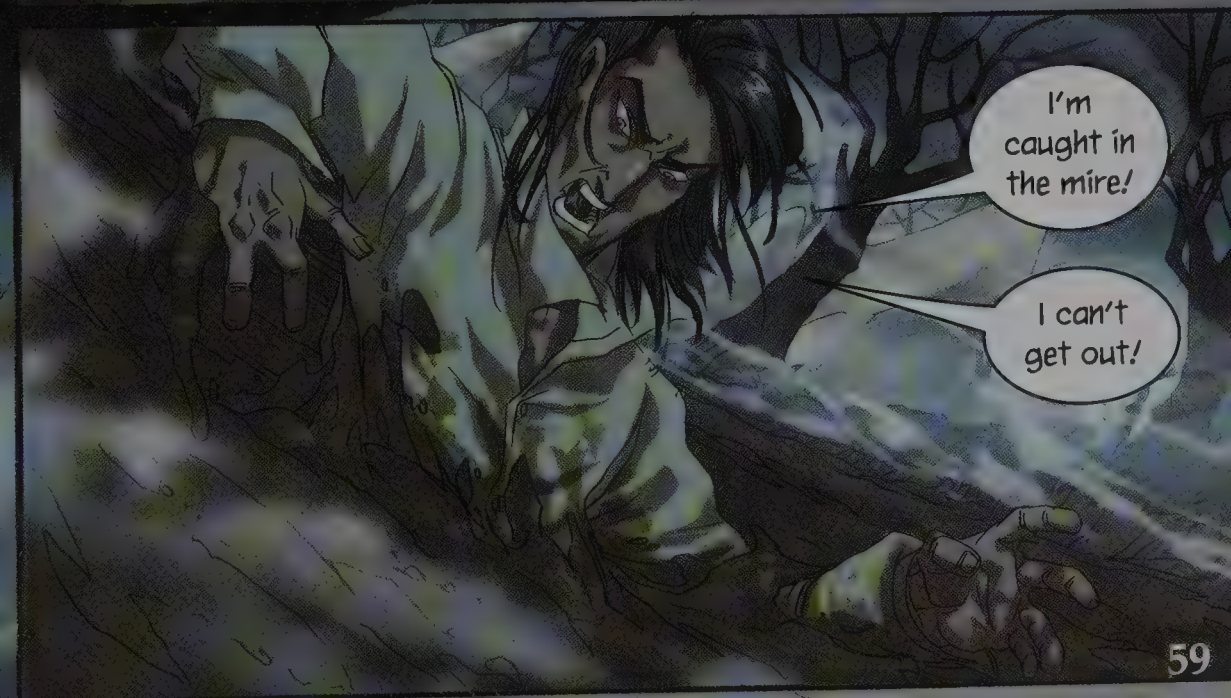
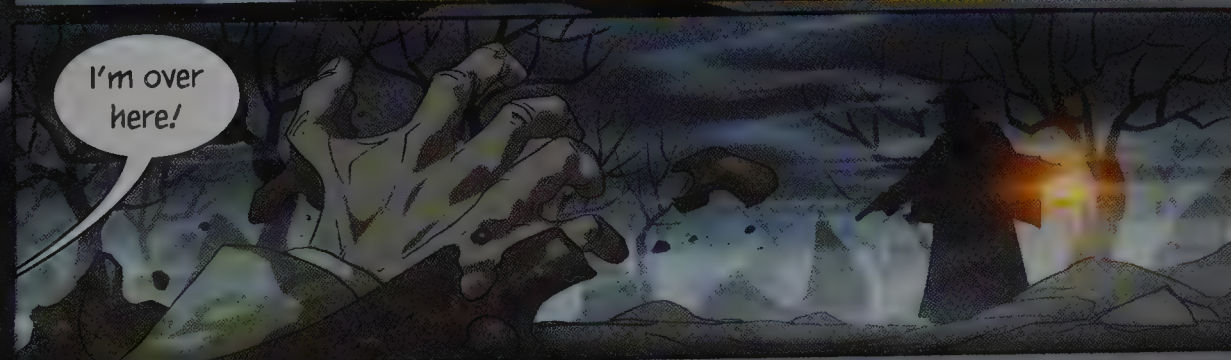
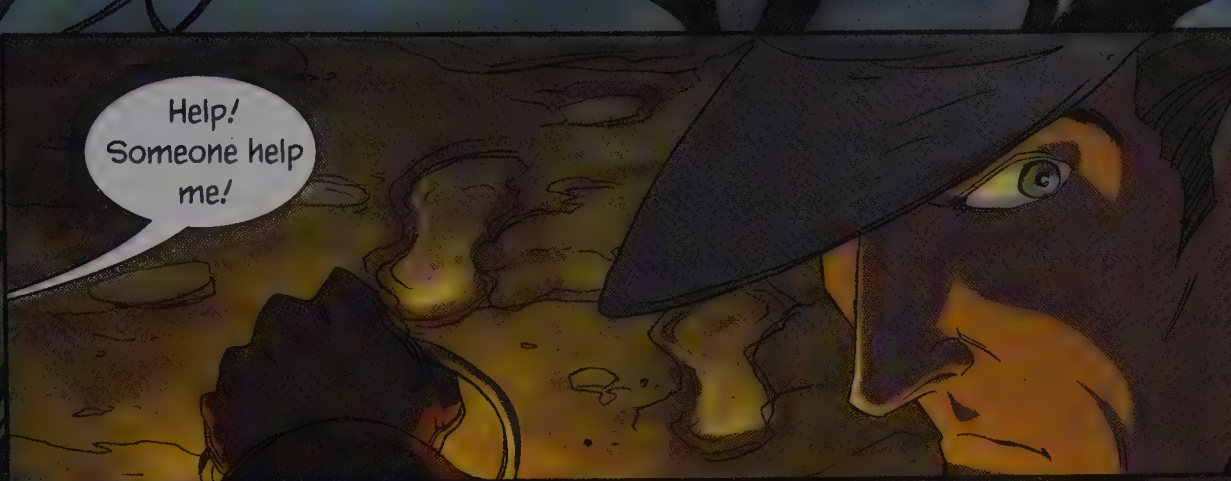
CRAACK



Far out on the moor . . .



DEATH ON THE MOOR







Stapleton!
You're slipping
from my grip!

I cannot
save you.

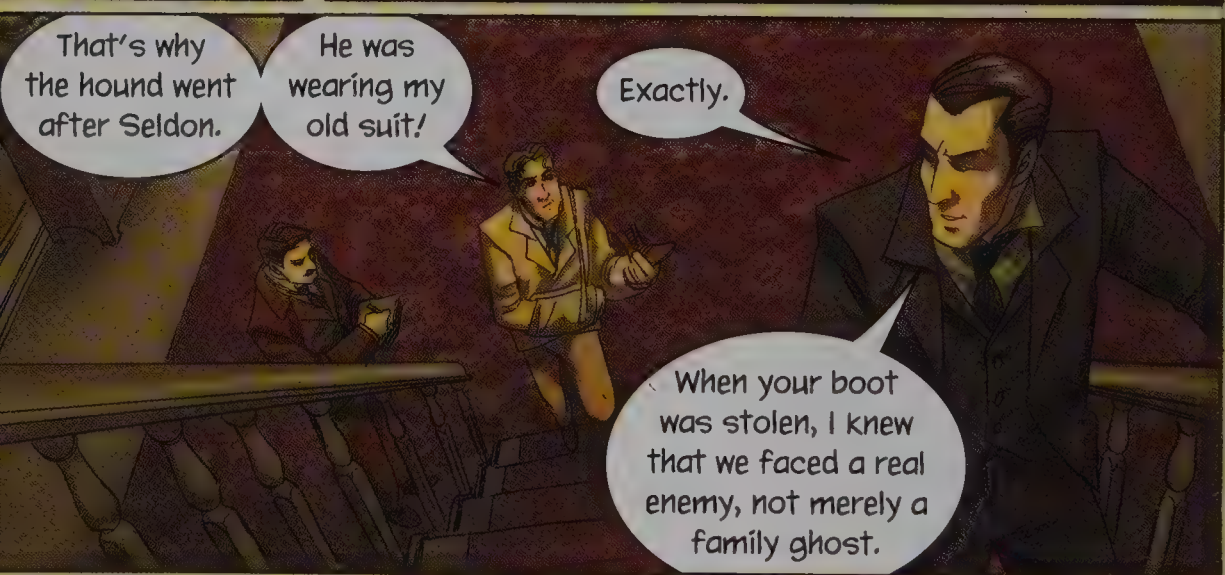


Later at Baskerville Hall . . .



My missing boot!

I found it where Stapleton hid the killer hound. He needed something with your scent.

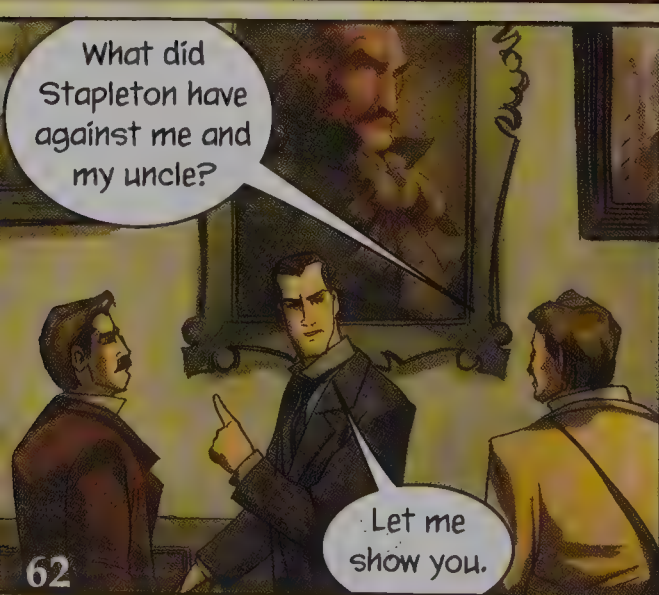


That's why the hound went after Seldon.

He was wearing my old suit!

Exactly.

When your boot was stolen, I knew that we faced a real enemy, not merely a family ghost.



What did Stapleton have against me and my uncle?

Let me show you.

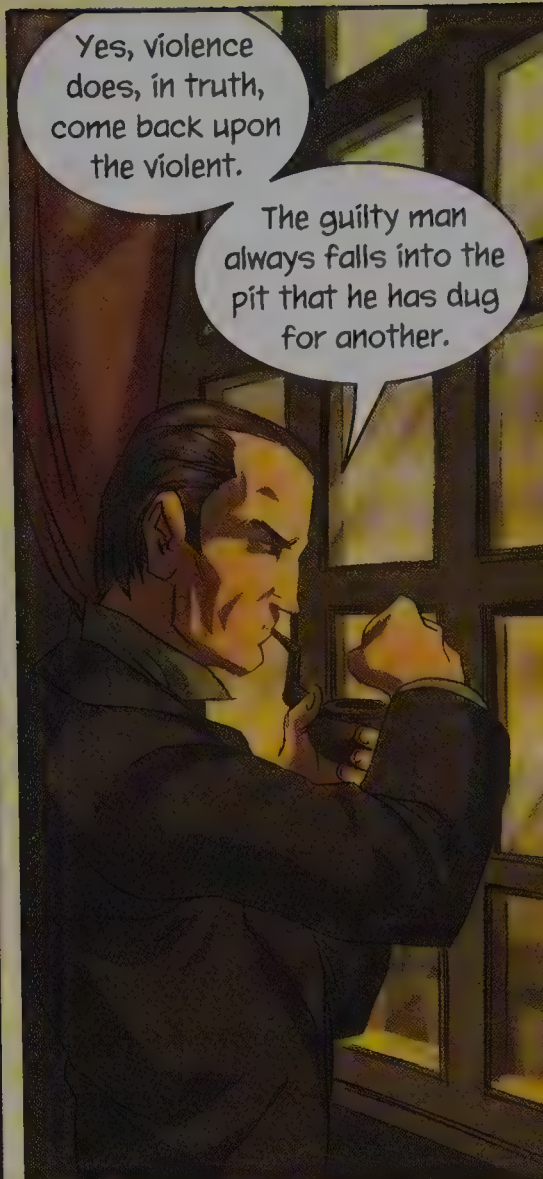


This portrait of Hugo is the very image of Stapleton!

A comic book panel showing three men in a room. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit (Sherlock Holmes) stands with his hands in his pockets, looking serious. Behind him, a man in a light-colored suit (Watson) and a man in a brown coat with a mustache (Stapleton) are standing. The room has a fireplace and a framed picture on the wall.

Clearly you weren't the only relative in line for the Baskerville fortune, Sir Henry.

Well, I'd say this Stapleton, as he called himself, got what he deserved.

A comic book panel showing a man in a dark suit looking out of a window. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. The window has multiple panes, and the scene outside is dark.

Yes, violence does, in truth, come back upon the violent.

The guilty man always falls into the pit that he has dug for another.



About the Author

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born on 22 May, 1859, in Edinburgh, Scotland. In 1885, he graduated with a degree in medicine from Edinburgh University. Shortly after, Conan Doyle opened a successful medical practice in England. While there, he married Louise Hawkins; and the couple soon had two children, Mary Louise and Alleyne Kingsley. Meanwhile, Conan Doyle published several stories including *A Study in Scarlet* in 1887. This was the first story to feature the character Sherlock Holmes. Before his death on 7 July, 1930, Conan Doyle wrote 55 more tales about the world's most famous detective.

About the Retelling Author

Since 1986, Martin Powell has been a freelance writer. He has written hundreds of stories, many of which have been published by Disney, Marvel, Tekno Comix, Moonstone Books, and others. In 1989, Powell received an Eisner Award nomination for his graphic novel *Scarlet in Gaslight*. This award is one of the highest comic book honours.

About the Illustrator

Daniel Perez was born in Monterrey, Mexico, in 1977. For more than a decade, Perez has worked as a colourist and an illustrator for comic book publishers such as Marvel, Image, and Dark Horse. He currently works for Protobunker Studio while also developing his first graphic novel.

Glossary

ancestor (AN-sess-tur) - a relative or family member that lived a long time ago

comrades (KOM-radz) - good friends

convict (KON-vikt) - someone who has been in prison for committing a crime

elderly (EL-dur-lee) - another word for old

fatigue (fuh-TEEG) - great tiredness

identify (eye-DEN-tuh-fye) - to recognize who a person is

loyalty (LOI-uhl-tee) - faithful support of someone

lunatic (LOO-nuh-tik) - a wildly insane or crazy person

maiden (MAYD-uhn) - a young, unmarried woman

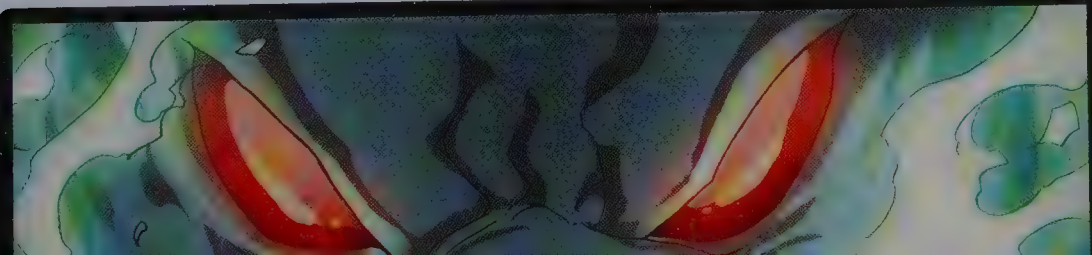
mire (MYR) - an area of extremely wet and muddy ground

moor (MOOR) - a grassy area with soft, spongy ground like a bog

phosphorous (FOSS-fur-uhss) - a kind of chemical that glows in the dark

prehistoric (pree-hi-STOR-ik) - happening in a time before history was written down by humans

revenge (ri-VENJ) - an action taken to pay someone back for something mean they did in the past



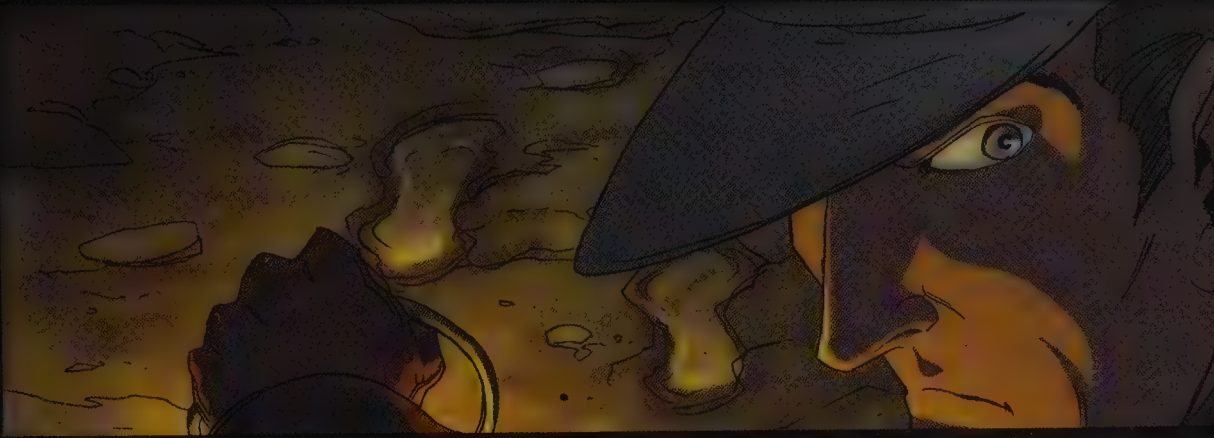
More About Sherlock Holmes

Sherlock Holmes is the world's most famous detective. In fact, he's so well-known that many people believe he was a real person. However, Sherlock Holmes is actually a fictional character created by author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Although Sherlock Holmes wasn't a true-life detective, his character was based on a real person. While at Edinburgh University, author Conan Doyle studied with a surgeon named Dr Joseph Bell. The author admired Dr Bell's ability to diagnose his patients simply by examining the clues of their illness. Conan Doyle gave Sherlock Holmes the same brilliant detective skills.

So where did the name Sherlock Holmes come from? Some people believe this question remains a mystery. Others, however, think Conan Doyle used the last name of another doctor, Wendell Holmes. The author may have also used the name of violinist Alfred Sherlock.

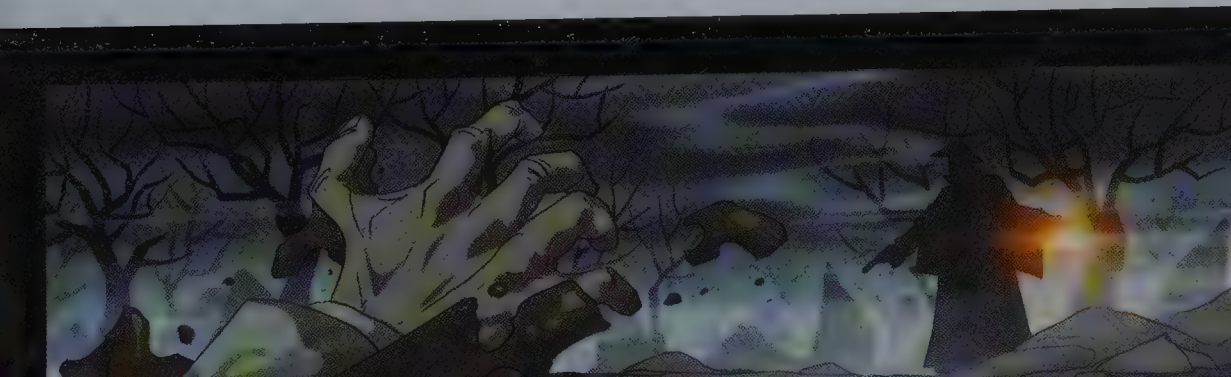
At age 27, Conan Doyle wrote his first Sherlock Holmes mystery in just three weeks. The story, titled *A Study in Scarlet*, appeared in the *Beeton's Christmas Annual* magazine in 1887. One year later, the story was published as a book with illustrations by the author's father, Charles Altamont Doyle.



After *A Study in Scarlet*, Conan Doyle wrote a dozen more Sherlock Holmes stories, which appeared in the *Strand Magazine* in London. These stories also included illustrations by artist Sidney Paget. Many people credit Paget for creating the detective's famous look, including his pipe, deerstalker cap, and inverness coat.

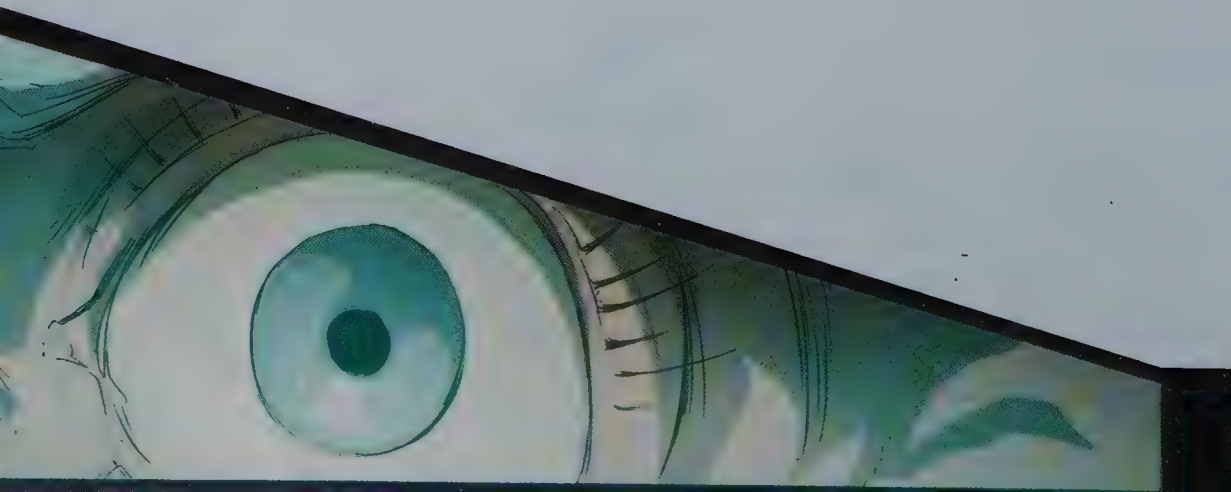
By 1893, Conan Doyle decided to stop writing Sherlock Holmes mysteries. In the story *The Final Problem*, the author killed off the great detective. Readers around the world became extremely upset by this decision. At their request, Conan Doyle continued writing Sherlock Holmes mysteries until 1927. Before his death on 7 July, 1930, Conan Doyle had written a total of 56 stories about the detective.

In the stories, Sherlock Holmes lived at 221B Baker Street in London. Today, this real address has been turned into a museum for the great detective. Visitors to the residence can learn more about Conan Doyle, his mysteries, and his character, the brilliant Sherlock Holmes.



Discussion Questions

1. Do you think Sherlock Holmes could have solved the case without his assistant Dr Watson? How did he help the great detective? Use examples from the story to support your answers.
2. Look back through the story. Who were some of the main suspects in the case? What clues led Sherlock Holmes to the real criminal? Find at least two examples for each question.
3. The legend of the Hound of the Baskervilles turned out to be a hoax. Do you believe in other legendary creatures, such as bigfoot, the Loch Ness monster, and the abominable snowman? Or, do you think these creatures are fake? Explain your answer.

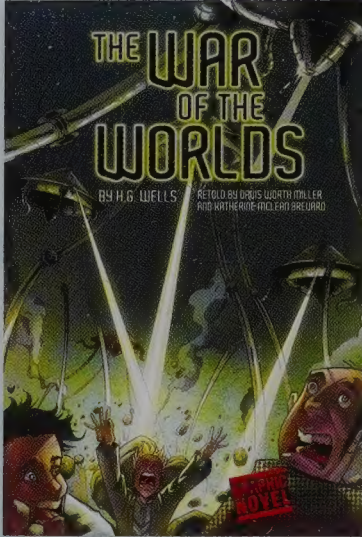


Writing Prompts

1. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote many tales about Sherlock Holmes. Write your own mystery with the famous detective as the main character. What crimes will he solve this time?
2. A legend is a story that is passed down from person to person. Start your own story about a legendary creature like the Hound of the Baskervilles. What will your creature look like? Where does it come from? Then, pass your story on to a friend or family member.
3. Pretend you are the author. Write a new ending to this story where another suspect turns out to be the real criminal.

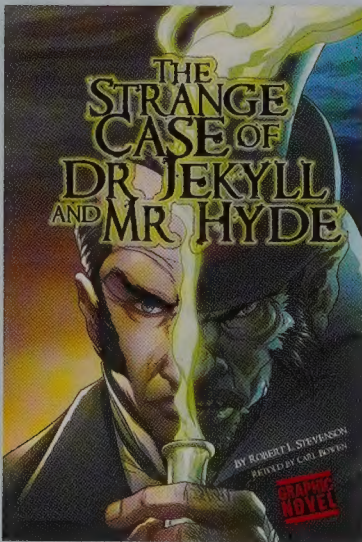


Other Books



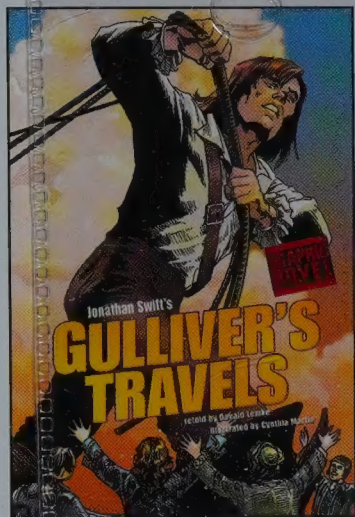
The War of the Worlds

In the late 19th century, a cylinder crashes down near London. When George investigates, a Martian activates an evil machine and begins destroying everything in its path! George must find a way to survive a War of the Worlds.



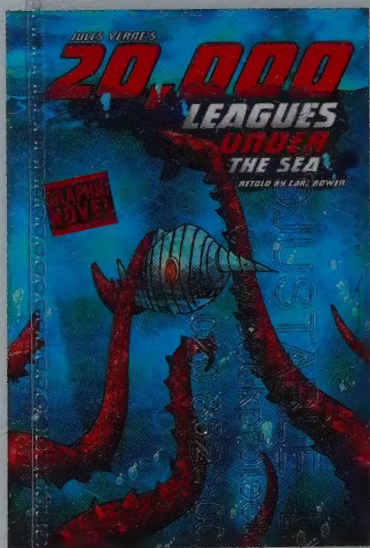
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Scientist Dr Henry Jekyll believes every human has two minds: one good and one evil. He develops a potion to separate them from each other. Soon, his evil mind takes over, and Dr Jekyll becomes a hideous fiend known as Mr Hyde.



Gulliver's Travels

Lemuel Gulliver always dreamed of sailing across seas, but he never could have imagined the places his travels would take him. On the island of Lilliput, he is captured by tiny creatures no more than six inches tall. In a country of Blefuscu, he is nearly squashed by an army of giants. His adventures could be the greatest tales ever told, if he survives long enough to tell them.



20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Scientist Pierre Aronnax and his trusty servant set sail to hunt a sea monster. With help from Ned Land, the world's greatest harpooner, the men soon discover that the creature is really a high-tech submarine. To keep this secret from being revealed, the sub's leader, Captain Nemo, takes the men hostage. Now, each man must decide whether to trust Nemo or try to escape this underwater world.

GRAPHIC REVOLVE

Late one night, Sir Charles Baskerville is attacked outside his home in Dartmoor, Devon. Residents say they've seen a **monster** in the area and heard its **eerie howl** in the moonlight. Could it be the Hound of the Baskervilles, a **legendary creature** that **haunts** the nearby moor? **Sherlock Holmes**, the world's greatest detective, is on the case.

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